

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH.".....SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME II.]

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THE REFLECTOR.

THERE WAS A GARDEN, AND IN THAT GARDEN
A NEW SEPULCHRE.....St. John xix. 41.

When we think of a garden, richly adorned with flowers and shrubs, and set forth with all the attractions of beauty and taste, we regard it as the truest image of the ancient paradise. We look upon it as the very seat and abode of pleasure, into which "symbols of sorrow" and "monuments of mortality," should never enter. In a place so pre-eminently calculated to exhilarate our feelings, and gladden our hearts, how unnatural is the sight of a "sepulchre!" Such was the taste of the wise Arimathean, who prepared his own new tomb in the midst of a garden. And who does not admire this instructive arrangement? He was determined not to hide from his view the prospect of a "sepulchre." He chose rather to intrude upon the visions of fancy and pleasure, forcible mementos of his own mortality. He placed in the most frequented resorts for amusement, the avenue which leads to our destined abode. The sepulchre is ever in the garden of life. Death is ever in the world. The inexorable tyrant pursues his ravages, unmoved by promises, fears or vows. The charms of beauty cannot tempt, the glitter of wealth cannot bribe a moment's respite. He but enters the garden of domestic joy, and desolation marks his progress.

The house of my worthy friend, which but a few days previous, was a scene of festive enjoyment, where mirth gladdened every heart, and where the prattling images of delighted affection, gave pleasure to domestic toils, and fondly repaid parental solicitude and care, is so soon invaded by the King of Fears, within whose cold embrace, is encircled the "blooming boy," and a father's heart is filled with grief and despondence. All the cheering anticipations which they, whose children are like "Olive branches around their tables," cannot but form and feel, are blasted before we are sensible of the visionary charm which they gave to our hopes and prospects, as of the strong hold they have upon our affections. How suddenly is the gay scene reversed! The "curtains of affliction" have darkened the windows of joy. Sorrow and grief have invaded the house of mirth and the "Cyprus shaded sepulchre" opens in the midst of a garden of pleasure.

Tread lightly, ye vain and thoughtless, while ye move among the pleasures of the earth, lest a "sepulchre" open beneath your feet—Lest, while you fancy yourselves in the peaceful gardens of pleasure, you should stumble upon a grave and fall to rise no more. To each one of us, there is a "sepulchre near at hand." We may find it in gardens of innocent pleasure, or amid scenes of rural beauty and circumstances of domestic tranquillity. We may find it—where, alas! it is too often found—in the haunts of dissipation, among scenes of revelry and vice. It may open to us on journeys by land or by sea, by accidents and events unexpected and unknown.—May we ever behold it "in and about our paths," not so much to avoid, as wisely to prepare for it.

THE GRAVE OF FRIENDSHIP.

"No sound of human toil or strife
To death's lone dwelling speaks of life;
Nor breaks the silence still and deep,
Where thou, beneath thy burial stone,
Art laid, in that unstartled sleep,
The living eye hath never known."

I stood, in the bright morning of a summer-day, beside the green grave of an early and beloved companion; and mused upon the scene, and pondered over the realities it brought to my mind. The history of him who lay below, was brief and simple: He had grown up like a young tree full of blossoms, and promised much fruit: an ingenious soul, a benevolent heart, and a bright mind endeared him to all who knew him: he had finished his academical and professional education, and was engaged to be married to a beautiful girl, one every way worthy of him. In the midst of youth, and health, and strength, he was suddenly cut down by a fatal fever, and died, with all his vigorous powers in full exercise. In his last hours, many pressed in to see him, and among them came the lady of his love. She did not dream, none dreamt, his exit was so near at hand: for his cheek was flushed, and his eye bright, and he had not fallen away from his former appearance. But he said to her, "I shall die; and you will not forget me, before we meet again." A shudder, swift as an electric shock, ran from heart to heart. His words were prophetic. He pined, drooped, and died. She never forgot him.

He lay in the very neighborhood, in which he had been reared; in sight of his own pleasant walks where he used to meditate in the shade, and while away the hours with his flute. His voice was now silent forever, and his form hid away from the eyes that were wont to look upon him with joy; but the scenes he loved, were still lovely, the valley-stream ran on, the flowers grew gay and beautiful, and the birds sang on the green boughs. It awakened a mingled feeling of melancholy and joy, to look around on the objects that recalled him to remembrance, and then say, He is gone! I gazed, and gazed upon the grave, but it was voiceless; all silent, changeless, sealed up to the end of time.

It had been just a year; but it seemed as years.

terday, when we last walked together, arm in arm, near that very spot. The same sun then shone on us, that now shone upon his grave; and I remember, he admired the appearance of the green willow, which throws a broken shade today, around his tombstone. Then his mind was vigorous and happy: it expanded and speculated amid the loveliness and mysteries of nature, and dwelt on the same theories that others dwell on, and was one among us. Where is it now? From the mysteries of this world, it has passed to those of another; in pondering on which, thought loses itself in an ocean of interminable depth; and returns without having gleaned a ray of light from the boundless universe into which it plunged.

Of the whole journey of mortality, we know something. There are a thousand pathways, which lead us to the end of our pilgrimage: we shall travel one of them, which one we know not; yet we have seen something of them all. But when one passes from the last stage, we lose his course utterly; like him who ventures away on the bosom of the ocean alone, whom we see no more—hear of no more.

Amid the deceptions of the world; the mockery of our feelings; the delusions of hope; and the various occurrences that give us pain while here; it is, at last, sweet and soothing, to turn to such a scene as the GRAVE OF FRIENDSHIP. It leads us to a more correct estimate of life, than we take while immersed in the business or pleasures of the world; it impresses at once its uncertainty and its brevity on the mind; it dissipates, in a measure, the dread that hangs over the last hour; and in the moment, we feel our alliance to the grave, and feel, also, a secret satisfaction in that alliance. We reflect, that if the world is full of sorrow, we are but passing through it to another, to a better; to scenes where those we loved have gone before us; where we shall see and hold converse with them again, and share their lot for ever. Thus, there is more of wisdom to be gleaned from a solitary walk among the tombs, than the giddy and the thoughtless dream of.—Trenton Emp.

HAPPINESS.—The chief happiness of the mind must be sought in itself; in the enjoyment of intellectual and moral pleasure. Our thoughts are ever and intimately present with us; although the bustle of external objects and the tumult of the passions may sometimes divert their current, they can never dry up their source. The reflections on our own conduct will be continually occurring to our fancy, whatever pains we may take to exclude them; nor can voluptuous enjoyment or ambitious activity ever so totally occupy the mind, but that our principal happiness or misery in the whole course of our life, must chiefly depend on the nature of our reflections upon the past, and on our hopes and fears about futurity.

MISCELLANY.

From the Charleston Courier.

THE BITTER BIT.

The following laughable story, is from a work just published, under the title of "The Gigar." The Author calls himself an Argonaut in quest of the golden fleece, (i. e. fortune hunting), and is now supposed to be detailing to the public the events connected with his voyage, as noted in his log-book.—He has just been cruelly disappointed in his first love, and proceeds with—

"My log book, believe me, is ponderous, and redolent of dire mishaps, buffetings and crosses; but I must make short work of it, and leap over all the adventures and shifts of five weary years, to the time of my introduction to that pearl of ancient maidenhood, Drusilla Engleheart. Wearied with disappointments, convinced that Argonautism had become a bitter business, that the gold fish were to be netted, I resolutely made up my mind to old age and a mere competency.—With Drusilla, I had hopes of attaining more than this. Her house was delicious. The sofa-covers, squabs, coverlets, and carpets, were of velvet, painted by her own hands. They were evidently the work of half a century; her age therefore, it would be superfluous to record. She walked with a long, slim, gold-headed cane; her old watch was redolent of rich quaintnesses; her trinkets heirlooms of an ancient family. 'Tis true, they were of little actual value, 'as things go,' but they looked like good omens. Every body doffed their cap in reverend salutation to her, as she passed; and it was admitted by all, that she had a clear £300 a year. I felt it would be next akin to sacrilege to pry deeper; and fearing lest inquiries respecting her means, should make her inquisitive as to mine, I wooed post—post haste, and married her. I had no sort of repugnance to the woman; but this, be it specially observed, was a money-match. I should have idolized her as a maiden aunt.—Her appearance was at once antique and fresh. She looked as if she had always been precisely what she was at the moment. Time had not tarnished her lily complexion, neither was her face frattered into paltry wrinkles. Her cheeks showed a few simple folds and creases, like those of a noble toga; but none of the cross-lines of grief shot across them, or meandered about the clear blue. Like an ice-plant in summer, her aspect was cool, crisp, and sparkling. When arrayed in her brocade silks, with the smoothing lead-drops dangling at the nether hem, and

her enormous panoply of calashe, with its prim cape drooping over her slim waste, as she swam in state about the little parterres and quaintly fashionable shrubs of her miniature pleasure garden—her taper, fallow, greyhound, flitting around her—she realized the idea I had imbibed of a rich lady-bird of a by-gone century. But for a gay young Argonaut's bride she had no charms but her keller. She waxed stronger and more robust in health, and I began unconsciously to dislike her. She grew portly in proportion as I grew lean; and I hated her. 'She's an evergreen,' thought I, 'she'll be a second Old Parr, or Harry Jenkins, and live in seven reigns. She'll certainly see me out!'

She was most perversely addicted to preaching up base economy to me. I deemed it very ridiculous. It was very hard if I could not, after all my toils, disburse a pretty £300 a year, and enjoy my little pittance, my hard earnings, in comfort. At the death of my honeymoon's grand-daughter, I warily beat about the bush to ascertain the true nature and full extent of her funds. On this subject she had never enlightened me. Old Gye, her attorney, told me, with a venacious leer, that all she had, thanks to his especial care, was perfectly free from the debts of control of her present or any future husband; but further that deponent said not.—This intelligence set me on the alarm for a loving testament without which, even in case I should survive her, I had done nothing. Her mind might be poisoned against me by interested parties; and in a barbarous moment, she might even—I feared to conclude my dole anticipation; and hastened home to breakfast and action. There are a few more awkward tasks in the whole routine of worldly business, than hinting to a techy relative, the propriety of setting her house in order, when all your hopes in life depend upon her individual testament. Should the will be already made, it is nicer point still, if the Bankstock is thereby devised to that rascal, your cousin Bob, effectually to suggest a revocatory codicil. I had been in such predicament, and suffered for my raw mismanagement. The jangled cat dreams even cold water; but I had the wife of my bosom to deal with; and I trembled long on the brink of the gap, ere I essayed the uncertain leap. We were at breakfast, (seen the paper to day my dear? (crouche one tingular bit of toast, and the noise attendant of its mastication, was as the sound of a trumpet to my courage.) 'An abundant crop of bankrupts, but the Threes still look up,' (drained my coffee-cup after dabbling for a moment in the disgusting sediment.) 'Our cash is all consols, I believe: that's lucky.' 'Very!' faintly responded my wife; and I proceeded—'I am in error though to call it ours; for Gye tells me, it's entirely at your own disposal,' (here I grasped a muffin, poked the fire, and grew bolder.) 'By the bye, my dear, Gye was here about last night?' 'A mere visit of compliment?' I followed her up. 'Nay; he was closeted with you full an hour, I am told. You are melancholy; I hope the reckless fellow has not dispirited you, my dear; been advising you to put five guineas in his pocket, I'll warrant now, for some superfluous legal nonsense or other; your will or—'

No indeed! that would be a very unnecessary expense.' 'Very—quite—I never saw you look better in my life; quite. Had I heard of your intention, I should certainly have protested against it—quite; but really, my dear, I suspect that—' 'What? 'Ah, you smile?—Come, come now—confess at once. I know that you have been foolish; you shall not evade my gratitude; though far distant be the day!—Believe me too, I am not so selfish as to expect you to cut off your friends from all participation in your property.' 'Alas! I have little beyond the three hundred a year.' 'Well, my dear, three hundred a year; let me tell you, that your three hundred a year—' 'Is an annuity on my own life; and when I die that dies with me; so why should I make a will?' The white withered hand dropped from my grasp; I tottered out of the room, beating my forehead with my clenched hand; and hurried to my pistol-case. Overwhelmed with unutterable anguish, disappointment, shame, confusion and remorse, I placed the key in its lock. Gulled, cheated, entrapped, laughed at already by every one, for linking myself to wintry age in the young summer of my manhood; how, thought I, can I endure the sneers of the world, when it discovered that my apparent golden fruit is gill with a perishable annuity. I was determined not to live. Judge of my horror and increased disappointment, at finding the bullet-box empty! A lump of solid lead, however, luckily lay by its side; I grasped it with furious delight, and endeavored with all my strength of jaw, to chew off a piece of it; but merely lacerated my tongue, and stunned the nerves of my teeth in the attempt. Flying to the fire-place, I cast the whole refractory mass into the burning coals; a drop soon coursed down through the bottom bars; I caught it in my mouder, and fashioned as perfect a bullet, (barring the tail,) as heart could desire. In my hurry, however, to snip it, I buried the keen glowing tail of the destructive comet in my hand. The agony of the wound soon drove me down stairs in quest of the usual remedies. I danced about like a mad-man, emptied the ink-bottle of my esrotoire, and saw without remorse, the jetty ruin oozing in floods through my tortured fingers, on the snowy velvet that clothed the

floor. I plunged my hand into ice to cease the pang; called for oil, turpentine, and a thousand other things in succession; and as they failed to give me relief, after a moment's trial, hurled them at the heads of the affrighted and disconsolate bearers. An impudent old woman, (it was my wife I believe,) advised me to hold my hand close to the fire. The thought was terrific; and I chased the beldam out of the room. It was a singular fact that during all this time, the idea of easing my pains at once, by shooting myself, never once occurred to me; and by the time my wound became somewhat endurable, it is a still more singular fact that my intense appetite for suicide had totally subsided. This I mention gravely, and would admonish every man to take a wholesome hint from the circumstance. 'If there be any dear friend of Caesar's,' who is resolved of cutting his throat, let him by all means first cut his finger, and so ascertain how he likes the sensation of cold steel in his flesh, and the appearance of blood—blood of his own beloved veins, on his skin. If he think of leaving this world, as a dangler, under the greenwood tree, let him get a friend to place a bit of whiplard in a slip knot, round the neck of his great toe, and pull with energy enough to give him a foretaste of his sufferings, a local specimen of strangulation by the cord. If he means to die like a gentlemanly sort-of-a-man, under pistol influence, I implore him to scorch his mustachios and the tip of his nose three times with his priming; and then do as he pleases. If he has made up his heart to perish by flood, let him take a pewter pot to the river's brink with him, and, prior to doing judgment on himself, exhibit three quarts of cold water to his stomach fistling. Will he drown himself afterwards? I defy him.

From the day of my discovery that Drusilla's income depended on so frail a thread as her own life, she seemed to me to wax weaker. Methought she was already on the wane. Her kindness kindled in me a laudible affection and solicitude towards her. I cherished, I endeavored by all the little martial arts extant, to restore, to invigorate her; retrenched my expenditure, merely to gratify her economical whims; and suffered myself to be convinced by arguments which I furnished myself, she being less anxious in appearance on this point than formerly, that it was folly for a man to live up to his income. I attempted to insure her life; but the politic Directors rejected my proposals. She went down hill fast; and the nearer she approached the dark valley, the swifter she sped along. Her time was come, and in one little year from our wedding-day, I was left a distracted widower, with a single hundred in my pocket. I got old Gye to attend to every thing needful, but the sale of the furniture and fixtures; for never was man absorbed in deeper grief for the loss of a wife. Those were true tears which I shed at her funeral. Gye was astounded at the copious genuine floods. With a heavy heart I made the most of every thing, and quitted the town. Time does not abate the severer sorrow. As the first anniversary of my wife's decease approached, my grief increased; I had but five pounds left and owed eleven for mourning."

Mr. Vandille was the most remarkable man in Paris, both on account of his immense riches, and his extreme avarice. He lodged as high up as the roof would admit him, to avoid noise or visits, maintained one poor old woman to attend him in his garret, and allowed her only 7 sous per week, or a penny per day. His usual diet was bread and milk, and, for indulgence, some poor sour wine on Sunday, on which day he constantly gave one farthing to the poor, being one shilling and a penny per annum; which he cast up; and, after his death, his extensive charity amounted to forty-three shillings and four pence. This prudent economist had been a magistrate, or officer, at Boulogne, from which obscurity he was promoted to Paris, for the reputation of his wealth, which he lent upon undeniable security to the public funds, not caring to trust individuals with his life and soul. While a magistrate at Boulogne, he maintained himself by taking upon him to be milk-taster-general at the market, and from one to another filled his belly, and washed down his bread at no expense of his own; not, doubtless, from any other principle than of serving the public, in regulating the goodness of the milk. When he had a call to Paris, knowing that stage vehicles are expensive, he determined to go thither on foot; and, to avoid being robbed on the way, he took special care to export with himself neither more nor less than the considerable sum of three pence sterling, to carry him 130 miles; and with the greater facility to execute his plan of operation, he went in the quality of a poor priest, or mendicant; and, no doubt, gathered some few pence on the road, from such pious and well-disposed persons of the country who were strangers to him. When he became extensively rich, being in the year 1735, worth seven or eight hundred thousand pounds, which he begot or multiplied on the body of a single shilling from the age of 17 to the age of 72. One day he heard a wood-man going by in summer, at which season they stock themselves with fuel for the winter; he agreed with him at the lowest rate possible, but stole from the poor man several logs, with which he loaded himself to

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. Editor.—The following was suggested by hearing on account of Gen. LAFAYETTE'S arrival at Portland. Its insertion in your paper would gratify

O. P.
The Hero comes, whom bards extol;
And none will here regret;
For of our hearts he has control,
The generous, brave LAFAYETTE.

He came to break our fathers' chains,
Nor will their sons forget;
Yes, welcome, while he here remains,
Thrice welcome, LAFAYETTE.

His blood did test our country's cause,
When foes did hard beset;
Now gratitude our nation draws
To favor brave LAFAYETTE.

His wreath did clothe our soldiers brave,
We'll now discharge the debt;
And 'till he barks upon the wave
We'll honor LAFAYETTE.

But tyrants of Europe will rage,
Like Paul they'll frown and pet;
And myriads of spies they'll engage
To destroy brave LAFAYETTE.

Our gratitude honor'd will be
Till the last sun has set;
And Europe is from tyrants free
Such as despise LAFAYETTE.

From father to son 'twill go down,
And bright in gems 'twill set;
And they a jubilee will crown
With thy name, LAFAYETTE.

* Father of Alexander of Russia, notorious for the intolerance of his disposition.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Thoughts that occur'd in youthful time,
When first I learnt to lip in rhyme.

BEAUTY'S a fair but fading flow'r,
Forever subject to decay;
But YOUTH'S charms have lasting pow'r
And light the evening of our day.

Once in a garden walking,
My friend beside me talking—
Observ'd a gaudy tulip gay,
Tossing her head beside the way;
As vain and bold, as any woman,
At distance, to our sight arose
The lovely, blooming, blushing rose;
Whose charms intrinsic, all confess,
Without the aid of dazzling dress.
Here, said my friend, are emblems true,
In which the different charms I view,
Of Youth and of Man—Do you?

SEA-SIDE THOUGHTS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Beautiful, sublime, and glorious;
Mild, majestic, foaming, free—
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity.

Epithet-exhausting Ocean!
"I were as easy to control
In the storm thy billowy motion,
As thy wonders to unfold."

Sun, and moon, and stars, shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow;
Yet attempt not to explore thee,
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendors steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace;
Tempests rouse, or waves sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth—her valleys, and her mountains,
Mortal man's behests obey;
Thy unfathomable fountains
Scorn his search, and scorn his sway.

Such art thou—stupendous Ocean!
But if overwhelm'd by thee,
Can we think, without emotion,
What must thy Creator be!

From the Westchester Herald.

MOUNT PLEASANT.

"FOR HIM HAVE I OFFENDED,"—Bridus.
Who would not dwell where fertile vales
And blooming fields are smiling;
Where Hudson shows his hundred sails,
The heart of care beguiling?
Who does not greet the balmy breeze,
Just from the hill descending,
Re-loading from the budding trees?
"For him have I offended!"

Who does not love, at early dawn,
When birds their flight are winging,
To trip it lightly o'er the lawn,
Where flowers to life are springing?
Who would not dwell where rosy health
With virtue's smile is blended;
Where man enjoys his honest wealth?
"For him have I offended."

Who would not dwell where beauty's bloom
Remains till death unfaded;
Where looks of love those paths illumine,
That sorrow once has shaded?
Who would not dwell where worth oppressed
By virtue's e'er befriended,
Where honest prayers the spot have blessed?
"For him have I offended."

Who would not dwell where nature grants
Each rich and varied blessing;
Supplying all man's real wants—
Nor luxuries suppressing?
Who would not in Mount Pleasant dwell,
Where all these joys are blended?
My Muse, and plain such blockheads tell,
"For such have I offended."

BOSTON BARD.

From the New-York Statesman.

LOVE.

Love speaks when drops the chrysal tear
From Beauty's sparkling eye;
And still its plaintive notes we hear,
When heaves the tender sigh.

What rapture kindles in the breast,
When the sigh can hear;
O! this can make the Lover blest,
Then Beauty spare the tear!

HENRY.

CONTENT.

We need not travel, seeking ways to bliss;
He that desires contentment cannot miss:
No garden walls this precious flow'r embrace,
It common grows in every desert place.

VARIETY.

BYRON.

Strange and singular, when one reflects upon it (observes the Irishman), has been the destiny of a man of such splendid talents and acquirements. Born to an ample fortune, and moving in the highest sphere of existence, a happiness and ill-fated marriage blasted, at once, his happiness and peace. An ornament to letters and his country, he became an involuntary exile—cut off from the domestic comforts and endearments, and separated, alas! far and forever, from the child of his hopes! Is it to be wondered then, that flung upon the world in early youth, with means of gratification within his power, he should sometimes have been betrayed into regretted excesses, and that so situated and so circumstanced in after years, he should sometimes in dissipation have grasped at visionary happiness? hunted too, as he was, even in his most distant retreats, by the foulest calumny and slander embittering his solitary existence even to the very grave!—How truly prophetic of himself are the following lines, full of pathos and expression from the 4th Canto of his Child Harold:

Have I not—
Hear me my mother earth! behold it heaven;
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart riven,
Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, life's life lied away?

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire;
And my frame perish even in conquering pain;
But there is that within me, which shall fire
Torture and time, and breathe when I expire;
Something unearthly, which they deem not of,
Like the remember'd tone of a mute lute,
Shall on their softest spirits sink, and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

A list of the highest edifices now known, with their elevation.

Name and situation.	Eng. feet.
Pyramid of Gizeh, in Egypt,	543
Steeple of the Cathedral, at Cologne,	501
Steeple of the Minster, at Strasburg,	486
Do. of the Minster, at Ulm,	481
Do. of the Cathedral, at Antwerp,	476
Pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt,	452
Steeple of St. Stephen's, in Vienna,	442
Cupola of St. Peter's, at Rome,	431
Pyramid of Cephrenes, in Egypt,	426
Steeple of St. Martin's, at Landshut,	422
Do. of the Cathedral, at Cremona,	396
Do. of the Minster, at Friburg,	395
Cupola of the Cathedral, at Florence,	384
Steeple of St. Persina, in Saxony,	382
Cupola of the Cathedral, at Milan,	357
Pyramid of Sackkarah, in Egypt,	356
Steeple of the Cathedral, at Utrecht,	356
Steeple of Notre Dame, at Munich,	348
Cupola of St. Paul's, in London,	347
Steeple of St. Ansharius, at Bremen,	345
Do. of the Cathedral, at Magdeburg,	335
Do. of St. Mark's, at Venice,	329
Assinelli Tower, at Bologna,	314
Cupola of the Jesuit's Church, at Paris,	314
Steeple of St. Mary's, at Berlin,	302
Cupola of the Invalids, at Paris,	295

Translated for the Charleston Courier,
FROM "L'HISTOIRE DES CHENS CELEBRES,"
THE LACE MERCHANT'S DOG.

Who would imagine that a dog had been made serviceable as a clerk, and had thus made for his master upwards of a hundred thousand crowns? And yet an incident like this happened upwards of thirty years since. One of those industrious beings, who know how to make a chaldron of coals out of a billet of wood determined in extreme poverty to engage in trade. He preferred that species of merchandise which occupied the least space, and was calculated to yield the greatest profit. He borrowed a small sum of money from a friend, and repaired to Flanders, he there bought pieces of lace, which without any danger, he smuggled into France in the following manner:
He trained an active Spaniel to his purpose. He caused him to be shaved, and procured for him the skin of another dog of the same hair and the same shape. He then rolled his lace round the body of his dog, and put over it the garment of the stranger so adroitly, that it was impossible to discover the trick. The lace being thus arranged in this pedestrian band-box, he would say to his docile messenger, "forward, my friend." At the words the dog would start, and pass boldly through the gates of Djalines or Valenciennes, in the face of the vigilant officers placed there to prevent smuggling. Having thus passed the bounds, he would await his master at a little distance in the open country. There they mutually caressed and feasted, and the merchant placed his rich packages in a place of security, renewing his occupation as occasion required. Such was the success of this smuggler, that in less than five or six years he amassed a handsome fortune and kept his coach. Envy pursued the prosperous; a mischievous neighbor at length betrayed the lace merchant, notwithstanding all his efforts to disguise the dog; he was suspected, watched, and discovered.

How far does the cunning of some animals extend? Did the spies of the Custom-house expect him at one gate, he saw them at a distance, and instantly ran towards another. Were all the gates shut against him, he overcame every obstacle—sometimes he leaped over the wall, at others passing secretly behind a carriage, or running between the legs of travellers, he would thus accomplish his aim. One day, however, while swimming a stream near Malines, he was shot, and died in the water. There was then about him five thousand crowns worth of lace—the loss of which did not afflict his master, but he was inconsolable for the loss of his faithful dog.

From the Augusta Chronicle.

The following was furnished us as the copy of a letter written by a person who was desirous of securing support to a school he proposed to open.

SIR—Kontemplatin the opening of a school in your neighborhood, I should be greatly obliged by your extensive patronage, and I shall without hesitation assure you of my determination to direct my whole attention to the advancement of my scholars of whatever sex, in all the branches of useful learning and literature. I teach reading riling and all the plain rules of mathematics in scientific order and no pupils who shall be entrusted to my management shall be lacking in the instruction suitable to their intellectual capacity. There is a vast difference in mental compactness of children of all ages and sexes, so that it is most extenishin at times to witness the diversity of powers by which the intellectual advancements may be advanced in learning and scientific acquisitions. All due attention will be paid to morality, and every effort made to render improvements gratefully evident.

N. B. Geography will be taught to those having a wish for this or other classical science or art. Young ladies will be instructed if desired in needle work by a person qualified for that branch of polite learning, &c. &c.

Why is an honest man like a good clock? Because you can depend on what he says.

Why are young ladies like china wate? Because they are more fashionable than useful.

Why are passions like Sampson's foxes? Because they consume our corn.

Why is a scolding wife like a chesnut bur? Because she is a bad thing to handle.

Why is a hen-pecked husband like a sheet of gingerbread? Because he is laden with crosses.

Why is a coquette like a dog? Because she fawns mostly on those who cress her.

Why are young men who follow the attractions of a coquette like the lion that leaped down a precipice? Because they are deceived by a clank.

Why are many professors of religion like pigmies seen through a magnifier? Because they are not what they seem to be.

DISCRETION.

Discretion does not only show itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action; and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

THE WORLD.

The world is like a vast sea—mankind like a vessel sailing on its tempestuous bosom. Our prudence serves us for sails—the sciences for oars. Good and bad fortune are the favorable or contrary winds—and judgment is the rudder. Without this last, the vessel is tossed by every billow, and will find shipwreck in every breeze.

CARE.

Care is the lot of life; and he that aspires to greatness in hopes to get rid of it, is like one who throws himself into a furnace, to avoid the shivering of an ague.

MIRTH AND CHEERFULNESS.

Mirth is short and transient—cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy; on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

METHOD.

The famous De Witt, one of the greatest statesmen of the age in which he lived, being asked by a friend, how he was able to despatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged? replied, that his whole art consisted in doing one thing at a time. "If," said he, "I have any necessary despatches to make, I think of nothing else till those are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them till they are set in order."

ANECDOTE.

The mind, enriched by knowledge, may defy the frowns of fortune, and see unmoved the various vicissitudes of life. When Demetrius had taken the city of Megara, and the property of the inhabitants had been pillaged by the soldiers, he recollected that Stilpo, a philosopher of great reputation, who sought only the retirement and tranquillity of a studious life, was among the number. Having sent for him, he asked the philosopher, if he had lost any thing during the pillage? "No," replied he, "my property is safe, for it exists in my mind."

BEAUTY.

Beauty (says Steele), has been the delight and torment of the world ever since it began. The philosophers have felt its influence so sensibly, that almost every one of them has left us some saying or other, which intimates that he too well knew the power of it. Aristotle has told us, that a graceful person is a more powerful recommendation than the best letter that can be written in our favor. Plato desires the possessor of it to consider it as a more gift of nature, and not any perfection of our own. Socrates calls it a short-lived tyranny. Theophrastus a silent fraud, because it imposes upon us without the help of language. But I think Carneades spoke as much like a philosopher as any of them, though more like a lover, when he called it *Royalty without force*! It is not indeed to be denied, that there is something irresistible in a beautiful form; and the most severe will not pretend, that they do not feel an immediate prepossession in favor of the handsome.

WANTS.

We are ruined, not by what we really want but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants; if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

To speak too much betrays folly; too little, an unperceiving stupidity; I will so speak, as I may be free from babbling garrulity; so be silent, as my spectators may not account me blockishly dull. Silence and speech are both as they are used, either tokens of indiscretion or badges of wisdom.

DR. JOHNSON.

When Dr. Johnson courted Miss Potter, whom he afterwards married, he told her, "that he was of mean extraction, that he had no money, and that an uncle of his had been hanged!" The Lady, by way of reducing herself to an equality with him, replied, "that she had no more money than himself, and that, though none of her relations had been hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging."

Honorable Descent.—A newly imported cockney-tourist lately requested a gentleman of Philadelphia to give him letters of introduction to some foreigners in New-York, with whom he might associate without degradation—some who had "descended from great houses," &c. The courteous American readily complied with his request, and the cockney was yesterday formally introduced to three Irish hod-men, while they were in the very act of descending from a "great house" in Broadway. The traveller's mortification was highly relished by the honest Hibernians.

"Why did you not admire my daughter?" said the late lady Archer to a gentleman. "Because," said he, "I am actually no judge of painting." "But surely," rejoined her ladyship, not in the least disconcerted, "you never saw an angel that was not painted."

A spruce young buck was boasting of his success with the fair, among other things declared, that he might have sparked it with lady whom he named. "Why then," said his friend, "did you neglect such a golden opportunity?" "Because," answered he, "she begged to be excused, and I was such a deuced fool that I excused her!"

A young lady going into a barrack-room at fort George, saw an officer toasting a slice of bread on the point of his sword; on which she exclaimed, "I think, sir, you have got the staff of life on the point of death."

A doctor in Connecticut, by the name of Peck, sent a boy to catch his horse; but he could not, and returned without him. The following retort was given to the doctor's reprimand:

Go, catch my horse, the doctor said;
I've been and try'd it, the horse has fled.
The doctor raved; in anger spake—
Two boys it takes a man to make;
The boy reply'd with due respect,
A bushel is made of four pecks.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. Benjamin Chandler, Esq. Judge of Probate, of Wills for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of creditors to the estate of DANIEL DISBEE, late of Sumner, in said county, deceased, represented insolvent, do hereby give Notice, that six months are allowed from the fourteenth day of June instant, to bring and prove their claims, and that they will attend that service at the dwelling-house of Simeon Barrett, Jr. in Sumner, on the second Saturday in August next; the second Saturday in September next, and the second Saturday in October next, at one of the clock in the afternoon of each of those days.

SIMEON BARRETT, Jr. } Commissioners.
TIMOTHY COBB, }
Sumner, June 23, 1825. 3w 52

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—Sumner.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of the following lots or parcels of Land, lying in Sumner, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me, the subscriber, to collect for the year 1824, viz:

Owner's Name.	Acres.	Val.	Tax.	D. of. by way of tax.
Unknown,	5 2 20	\$ 40	36	
Unknown,	5 2 60	1 45	1 31	
Unknown,	8 6 100	2 57	2 32	
Warner, South half,	12 5 68	1 74	1 67	
Jos. Crockett, W. End,	7 4 49	1 70	63	
Joseph Barrett, S. half,	9 4 80	3 35	3 02	

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before Saturday, the thirtieth day of July next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, so much of said land will then be sold at Public Vendue to the highest bidder, at Smith's Store, in said Sumner, as will discharge the same.

SILAS COBURN,
Collector of Sumner for 1824.
Sumner, June 30, 1825. 52

JUST PUBLISHED. AND FOR SALE AT THE OXFORD BOOK-STORE, A BRIEF NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY AND SUFFERINGS OF LT. NATHANIEL SEGAR, Who was taken Prisoner by the Indians and carried to Canada, during the Revolutionary War.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.
The following is an extract from the Preface.
"The instances of captivity of inhabitants of this State, by the Indians, and of dreadful sufferings inflicted by their cruelty, have been frequent, but the particulars have but rarely been preserved. Mr. Segar's case is the more memorable as being the last, and marking, as a distinct monument, the termination of that long line of barbarities which commenced at the memorable era of Philip's war. That war, as being strictly an Indian war, was more sanguinary in its character than those which followed; for the French, probably from motives of humanity, soon adopted the practice of buying the prisoners and in that way giving a bounty for saving their lives. Hence resulted the habit with the Indians of taking the captives to Canada, where they were commonly treated with great kindness, but endured incredible hardships in their march, from hunger, fatigue, exposure and anxiety."

The character of the aboriginal inhabitants of this country is a curiosity in the history of human nature, and is falling among the antiquities of moral remains and monuments. The station of the settler, the pioneer of the forest, is also singular and interesting. We are, therefore, persuaded that such accounts as follow are valuable, and that they should be procured with diligence and treasured up with care, as materials for the use of the future historian of the State." Paris, June 9.

FROM the subscriber, in Hartford, on the 23th instant, a red-grey four year old HORSE, with white hind feet—A snug made, high spirited Horse. Whoever will give information of the same, shall be generously compensated.

Hartford, June 22, 1825. STEPHEN IRISH. 52

DREAM DICTIONARY.

JUST PUBLISHED, and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, the new and complete DREAM DICTIONARY, arranged in alphabetical order, to which is added the invaluable secret of KNOWING FUTURE EVENTS, by Charms and Ceremonies—compiled from the most approved authorities, both ancient and modern, by an adept in the science. Paris, June 2.

MACHINE CARDS.

HORACE SEEVER, No. 2, Mitchell's Buildings, has just received a consignment of Machine Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Liechester, which will be warranted to give satisfaction. Orders for any quantity executed at short notice. Portland, Feb. 15.—[34

JUST RECEIVED.

AND for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, Thatchers' Journal of the American Revolution; Morse's Annals of the Revolution; Life of James Otis; Everett's View of Europe; Bancroft's Greece; Elements of Drawing, &c. Also—An excellent stereotype edition of the New Testament, for schools; Webster's and Goodale's Spelling Books, &c. Paris, June 16.

THE OBSERVER.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY ASA BARTON,

For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, payable semi-annually.

No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted, and on the usual terms.

All letters, addressed to the publisher, must be post paid.

The Publisher deems it expedient to give notice, that, while he shall always endeavor to be literally correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for its insertion.

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH.".....SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME II.]

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 21, 1825.

[NUMBER 55.]

THE REFLECTOR.

THERE WAS A GARDEN, AND IN THAT GARDEN
A NEW SEPULCHRE.....St. John xix. 41.

When we think of a garden, richly adorned with flowers and shrubs, and set forth with all the attractions of beauty and taste, we regard it as the truest image of the ancient paradise. We look upon it as the very seat and abode of pleasure, into which "symbols of sorrow" and "monuments of mortality," should never enter. In a place so pre-eminently calculated to exhilarate our feelings, and gladden our hearts, how unnatural is the sight of a "sepulchre"? Such was the taste of the wise Arimathea, who prepared his own new tomb in the midst of a garden. And who does not admire this instructive arrangement? He was determined not to hide from his view the prospect of a "sepulchre." He chose rather to intrude upon the visions of fancy and pleasure, forcible mementos of his own mortality. He placed in the most frequented resorts for amusement, the avenue which leads to our destined abode. The sepulchre is ever in the garden of life. Death is ever in the world. The inexorable tyrant pursues his ravages, unmoved by promises, fears or vows. The charms of beauty cannot tempt, the glitter of wealth cannot bribe a moment's respite. He but enters the garden of domestic joy, and desolation marks his progress.

The house of my worthy friend, which but a few days previous, was a scene of festive enjoyment, where mirth gladdened every heart, and where the prattling images of delighted affection, gave pleasure to domestic toils, and fondly repaid parental solicitude and care, is so soon invaded by the King of Fears, within whose cold embrace, is encircled the "blooming boy," and a father's heart is filled with grief and despondence. All the cheering anticipations which they, whose children are like "Olive branches around their tables," cannot but form and feel, are blasted before we are sensible of the visionary charm which they gave to our hopes and prospects, as of the strong hold they have upon our affections. How suddenly is the gay scene reversed! The "curtains of affliction" have darkened the windows of joy. Sorrow and grief have invaded the house of mirth and the "Cyprus shaded sepulchre" opens in the midst of a garden of pleasure.

Tread lightly, ye vain and thoughtless, while ye move among the pleasures of the earth, lest a "sepulchre" open beneath your feet—Lest, while you fancy yourselves in the peaceful gardens of pleasure, you should stumble upon a grave and fall to rise no more. To each one of us, there is a "sepulchre near at hand." We may find it in gardens of innocent pleasure, or amid scenes of rural beauty and circumstances of domestic tranquillity. We may find it—where, alas! it is too often found—in the haunts of dissipation, among scenes of revelry and vice. It may open to us on journeys by land or by sea, by accidents and events unexpected and unknown.—May we ever behold it "in and about our paths," not so much to avoid, as wisely to prepare for it.

THE GRAVE OF FRIENDSHIP.

"No sound of human toil or strife
To death's lone dwelling speaks of life;
Nor breaks the silence still and deep,
Where thou, beneath thy burial stone,
Art laid, in that unstartled sleep,
The living eye hath never known."

I stood, in the bright morning of a summer-day, beside the green grave of an early and beloved companion; and mused upon the scene, and pondered over the realities it brought to my mind. The history of him who lay below, was brief and simple: He had grown up like a young tree full of blossoms, and promised much fruit: an ingenious soul, a benevolent heart, and a bright mind endeared him to all who knew him: he had finished his academical and professional education, and was engaged to be married to a beautiful girl, one every way worthy of him. In the midst of youth, and health, and strength, he was suddenly cut down by a fatal fever, and died, with all his vigorous powers, in full exercise. In his last hours, many pressed in to see him, and among them came the lady of his love. She did not dream, none dreamt, his exit was so near at hand: for his cheek was flushed, and his eye bright, and he had not fallen away from his former appearance. But he said to her, "I shall die; and you will not forget me, before we meet again." A shudder, swift as an electric shock, ran from heart to heart. His words were prophetic. He pined, drooped, and died. She never forgot him.

He lay in the very neighborhood, in which he had been reared; in sight of his own pleasant walks where he used to meditate in the shade, and while away the hours with his flute. His voice was now silent forever, and his form hid away from the eyes that were wont to look upon him with joy; but the scenes he loved, were still lovely, the valley-stream ran on, the flowers grew gay and beautiful, and the birds sang on the green boughs. It awakened a mingled feeling of melancholy and joy, to look around on the objects that recalled him to remembrance, and then say, He is gone! I gazed, and gazed upon the grave, but it was voiceless; all silent, changeless, sealed up to the end of time.

It had been just a year; but it seemed as years.

terday, when we last walked together, arm in arm, near that very spot. The same sun then shone on us, that now shone upon his grave; and I remember, he admired the appearance of the green willow, which throws a broken shade today, around his tombstone. Then his mind was vigorous and happy: it expanded and speculated amid the loveliness and mysteries of nature, and dwelt on the same theories that others dwell on, and was one among us. Where is it now? From the mysteries of this world, it has passed to those of another; in pondering on which, thought loses itself in an ocean of interminable depth; and returns without having gleaned a ray of light from the boundless universe into which it plunged.

Of the whole journey of mortality, we know something. There are a thousand pathways, which lead us to the end of our pilgrimage: we shall travel one of them, which one we know not; yet we have seen something of them all. But when one passes from the last stage, we lose his course utterly; like him who ventures away on the bosom of the ocean alone, whom we see no more—hear of no more.

Amid the deceptions of the world; the mockery of our feelings; the delusions of hope; and the various occurrences that give us pain while here; it is, at last, sweet and soothing, to turn to such a scene as the GRAVE OF FRIENDSHIP. It leads us to a more correct estimate of life, than we take while immersed in the business or pleasures of the world; it impresses at once its uncertainty and its brevity on the mind; it dissipates, in a measure, the dread that hangs over the last hour; and in the moment, we feel our alliance to the grave, and feel, also, a secret satisfaction in that alliance. We reflect, that if the world is full of sorrow, we are but passing through it to another, to a better; to scenes where those we loved have gone before us; where we shall see and hold converse with them again, and share their lot for ever. Thus, there is more of wisdom to be gleaned from a solitary walk among the tombs, than the giddy and the thoughtless dream of.—Trenton Emp.

HAPPINESS.—The chief happiness of the mind must be sought in itself; in the enjoyment of intellectual and moral pleasure. Our thoughts are ever and intimately present with us; although the bustle of external objects and the tumult of the passions may sometimes divert their current, they can never dry up their source. The reflections on our own conduct will be continually occurring to our fancy, whatever pains we may take to exclude them; nor can voluptuous enjoyment or ambitious activity ever so totally occupy the mind, but that our principal happiness or misery in the whole course of our life, must chiefly depend on the nature of our reflections upon the past, and on our hopes and fears about the future.

MISCELLANY.

From the Charleston Courier.

THE BITTER BIT.

The following laughable story is from a work just published, under the title of "The Cigar." The Author calls himself an Argonaut in quest of the golden fleece, (i. e. fortune hunting,) and is now supposed to be detailing to the public the events connected with his voyage, as noted in his log-book.—He has just been cruelly disappointed in his first love, and proceeds with—

"My log book, believe me, is ponderous, and redolent of dire mishaps, buffetings and crosses; but I must make short work of it, and leap over all the adventures and shifts of five weary years, to the time of my introduction to that pearl of ancient maidenhood, Drusilla Engleheart. Wearied with disappointments, convinced that Argonautism had become a bitter business, that the gold fish were to be netted, I resolutely made up my mind to old age and a mere competency.—With Drusilla, I had hopes of attaining more than this. Her house was delicious. The sofa-covers, squares, coverlets, and carpets, were of velvet, painted by her own hands. They were evidently the work of half a century; her age therefore, it would be superfluous to record. She walked with a long, slim, gold-headed cane; her old watch was redolent of rich quaintnesses; her trinkets heirlooms of an ancient family. 'Tis true, they were of little actual value, 'as things go,' but they looked like good omens. Every body doffed their cap in reverent salutation to her, as she passed; and it was admitted by all, that she had a clear £300 a year. I felt it would be next akin to sacrilege to pry deeper; and fearing lest inquiries respecting her means, should make her inquisitive as to mine, I wooed post haste, and married her. I had no sort of repugnance to the woman; but this, be it specially observed, was a money-match. I should have idolized her as a maiden aunt.—Her appearance was at once antique and fresh. She looked as if she had always been precisely what she was at the moment. Time had not tarnished her lily complexion, neither was her face frattered into paltry wrinkles. Her cheeks showed a few simple folds and creases, like those of a noble toga; but none of the cross-lines of grief shot across them, or meandered about the clear blue. Like an ice-plant in summer, her aspect was cool, crisp, and sparkling. When arrayed in her brocade silks, with the smoothing lead-drops dangling at the nether hems, and

her enormous panoply of calashe, with its prim cape drooping over her slim waste, as she swam in state about the little parterres and quaintly fashionable shrubs of her miniature pleasure-garden—her taper, fallow, greyhound, flitting around her—she realized the idea I had imbibed of a rich lady-bird of a by-gone century. But for a gay young Argonaut's bride she had no charms but her kelter. She waxed stronger and more robust in health, and I began unconsciously to dislike her. She grew portly in proportion as I grew lean; and I hated her. 'She's an evergreen,' thought I, 'she'll be a second Old Parr, or Harry Jenkins, and live in seven reigns. She'll certainly see me out!'

She was most perseveringly addicted to preaching up base economy to me. I deemed it very ridiculous. It was very hard if I could not, after all my toils, disburse a pretty £300 a year, and enjoy my little pittance, my hard earnings, in comfort. At the death of my honeymoon's grand-daughter, I warily beat about the bush to ascertain the true nature and full extent of her funds. On this subject she had never enlightened me. Old Gye, her attorney, told me, with a venacious leer, that all she had, thanks to his especial care, was perfectly free from the debts of control of her present or any future husband; but further that deponent said not.—This intelligence set me on the alarm for a loving testament without which, even in case I should survive her, I had done nothing. Her mind might be poisoned against me by interested parties; and in a barbarous moment, she might even—I feared to conclude my dole anticipation; and hastened home to breakfast and action. There are a few more awkward tasks in the whole routine of worldly business, than hinting to a techy relative, the propriety of setting her house in order, when all your hopes in life depend upon her individual testament. Should the will be already made, it is nicer point still, if the Bankstock is thereby devised to that rascal, your cousin Bob, effectually to suggest a revocatory codicil. I had been in such predicament, and suffered for my raw mismanagement. The scalded cat dreads even cold water; but I had the wife of my bosom to deal with; and trembled long on the brink of the gap, ere I essayed the uncertain leap. We were at breakfast, 'Seen the paper to day my dear? (crouche one tingular bit of toast, and the noise attendant of its mastication, was as the sound of a trumpet to my courage.) 'An abundant crop of bankrupts, but the 'Threes still look up.' (drained my coffee-cup after dabbling for a moment in the disgusting sediment.) 'Our cash is all consols, I believe: that's lucky.' 'Very!' faintly responded my wife; and I proceeded.—'I am in error though to call it ours; for Gye tells me, it's entirely at your own disposal,' (here I grasped a muffin, poked the fire, and grew bolder.) (By the bye, my dear, Gye was here about last night? 'A mere visit of compliment.' I followed her up. 'Nay; he was closeted with you full an hour, I am told. You are melancholy; I hope the reckless fellow has not dispirited you, my dear; been advising you to put five guineas in his pocket, I'll warrant now, for some superfluous legal nonsense or other; your will or—' No indeed! that would be a very unnecessary expense.' 'Very—quite—I never saw you look better in my life; quite. Had I heard of your intention, I should certainly have protested against it—quite; but really, my dear, I suspect that—' 'What? 'Ah, you smile?—Come, come now—confess at once. I know that you have been foolish; you shall not evade my gratitude; though far distant be the day!—Believe me too, I am not so selfish as to expect you to cut off your friends from all participation in your property? 'Alas! I have little beyond the three hundred a year.' 'Well, my dear, three hundred a year; let me tell you, that your three hundred a year—' Is an annuity on my own life; and when I die that dies with me; so why should I make a will? The white withered hand dropped from my grasp; I tottered out of the room, beating my forehead with my clenched hand; and hurried to my pistol-case. Overwhelmed with unutterable anguish, disappointment, shame, confusion and remorse, I placed the key in its lock. Gulled, cheated, entrapped, laughed at already by every one, for linking myself to wintry age in the young summer of my manhood; how, thought I, can I endure the sneers of the world, when it discovered that my apparent golden fruit is gilt with a perishable annuity. I was determined not to live. Judge of my horror and increased disappointment, at finding the bullet-box empty! A lump of solid lead, however, luckily lay by its side; I grasped it with furious delight, and endeavored with all my strength of jaw, to chew off a piece of it; but merely lacerated my tongue, and stunned the nerves of my teeth in the attempt. Flying to the fire-place, I cast the whole refractory mass into the burning coals; a drop soon coursed down through the bottom bars; I caught it in my moultier, and fashioned as perfect a bullet, (barring the tail,) as heart could desire. In my hurry, however, to snip it, I buried the keen glowing tail of the destructive comet in my hand. The agony of the wound soon drove me down stairs in quest of the usual remedies. I danced about like a mad-man, emptied the ink-bottle of my esecrotoire, and saw without remorse, the jetty ruin oozing in floods through my tortured fingers, on the snowy velvet that clothed the

floor. I plunged my hand into ice to cease the pang; called for oil, turpentine, and a thousand other things in succession; and as they failed to give me relief, after a moment's trial, hurled them at the heads of the affrighted and disconsolate bearers. An impudent old woman, (it was my wife I believe,) advised me to hold my hand close to the fire. The thought was terrific; and I chased the beldam out of the room. It was a singular fact that during all this time, the idea of easing my pains at once, by shooting myself, never once occurred to me; and by the time my wound became somewhat endurable, it is a still more singular fact that my intense appetite for suicide had totally subsided. This I mention gravely, and would have admonish every man to take a wholesome hint from the circumstance: 'If there be any dear friend of Caesar's,' who is resolved of cutting his throat, let him by all means first cut his finger, and so ascertain how he likes the sensation of cold steel in his flesh, and the appearance of blood—blood of his own beloved veins, on his skin. If he think of leaving this world, as a dangler, 'under the greenwood tree,' let him get a friend to place a bit of whipcord in a slip knot, round the neck of his great toe, and pull with energy enough to give him a foretaste of his sufferings, a local specimen of strangulation by the cord. If he means to die like a gentlemanly sort-of-a-man, under pistol influence, I implore him to scorch his mustachios and the tip of his nose three times with his priming; and then do as he pleases. If he has made up his heart to perish by flood, let him take a pewter pot to the river's brink with him, and, prior to doing judgment on himself, exhibit three quarts of cold water to his stomach fasting. Will he drown himself afterwards? I defy him.

From the day of my discovery that Drusilla's income depended on so frail a thread as her own life, she seemed to me to wax weaker. Methought she was already on the wane. Her kindness kindled in me a laudible affection and solicitude towards her. I cherished, I endeavored by all the little martial arts extant, to restore, to invigorate her; retrenched my expenditure, merely to gratify her economical whims; and suffered myself to be convinced by arguments which I furnished myself, she being less anxious in appearance on this point than formerly, that it was folly for a man to live up to his income. I attempted to insure her life; but the politic Directors rejected my proposals. She went down hill fast; and the nearer she approached the dark valley, the swifter she sped along. Her time was come, and in one little year from our wedding-day, I was left a distracted widower, with a single hundred in my pocket. I got old Gye to attend to every thing needful, but the sale of the furniture and fixtures; for never was man absorbed in deeper grief for the loss of a wife. Those were true tears which I shed at her funeral. Gye was astounded at the copious genuine floods. With a heavy heart I made the most of every thing, and quitted the town. Time does not abate the severer sorrow. As the first anniversary of my wife's decease approached, my grief increased; I had but five pounds left and owed eleven for mourning."

Mr. Vandille was the most remarkable man in Paris, both on account of his immense riches, and his extreme avarice. He lodged as high up as the roof would admit him, to avoid noise or visits, maintained one poor old woman to attend him in his garret, and allowed her only 7 sous per week, or a penny per day. His usual diet was bread and milk, and, for indulgence, some poor sour wine on Sunday, on which day he constantly gave one farthing to the poor, being one shilling and a penny per annum; which he cast up; and, after his death, his extensive charity amounted to forty-three shillings and four pence. This prudent economist had been a magistrate, or officer, at Boulogne, from which obscurity he was promoted to Paris, for the reputation of his wealth, which he lent upon undeniable security to the public funds, not caring to trust individuals with his life and soul. While a magistrate at Boulogne, he maintained himself by taking upon him to be milk-taster-general at the market, and from one to another filled his belly, and washed down his bread at no expense of his own; not, doubtless, from any other principle than of serving the public, in regulating the goodness of the milk. When he had a call to Paris, knowing that stage vehicles are expensive, he determined to go thither on foot; and, to avoid being robbed on the way, he took special care to export with himself neither more nor less than the considerable sum of three pence sterling, to carry him 130 miles; and with the greater facility to execute his plan of operation, he went in the quality of a poor priest, or mendicant; and, no doubt, gathered some few pence on the road, from such pious and well-disposed persons of the country who were strangers to him. When he became extensively rich, being in the year 1735, worth seven or eight hundred thousand pounds, which he begot or multiplied on the body of a single shilling from the age of 17 to the age of 72. One day he heard a wood-man going by in summer, at which season they stock themselves with fuel for the winter; he agreed with him at the lowest rate possible, but stole from the poor man several logs, with which he loaded himself to

his secret hiding hole, and thus contracted, in that hot season, a fever; he then sent, for the first time, for a surgeon to bleed him, who, asking him half a liver for the operation, was dismissed; he then sent for an apothecary, but he was as high in his demand; he then sent for a poor barber, who agreed to open a vein for three pence a time. "But," says this worthy economist, "how often will it be requisite to bleed?" "Three times," said he. "And what quantity of blood do you intend to take?" "About 8 ounces each time," answered the barber. "That will be 9 pence; Oh! too much, too much; I have determined to go a cheaper way to work; take the whole quantity you design to take at three times, at one time, and that will save me six pence;" which being insisted on, he lost 24 ounces of blood, and died in a few days, leaving all his vast treasures to the king, whom he made his sole heir.

The following article, from the *Black Rock (N. Y.) Gazette*, contains too much truth to pass unnoticed; as the experience of some of us in this quarter, can testify. But as "bought wit is best, if not bought too dear," we guess that *Connecticut peddlers* must take some other course, to gull the people again.—Ed. Ob.

SUBSCRIBING FOR BOOKS.—Butler's History of the United States, for Schools, and a kindred production, nick-named, the Life of Bonaparte, for fools, are completely thrown in the shade by a recent work issued from the same factory, entitled "Memoirs of La Fayette." It would appear that the men who manufacture books in Connecticut, have a standing price for the labor of their brains, and that hereafter it will be unnecessary to ask a Connecticut peddler the price of his literary commodity. Fourteen shillings (\$1.75, New-England currency) for "Butler's United States," fourteen shillings for the "Life of Bonaparte," and fourteen shillings for the "Memoirs of the good La Fayette."

A lank-visaged Yankee paid us his personal respects but a few days since, with La Fayette under his arm. "You are a subscriber to La Fayette," says he—"here's your book—fourteen shillings." We said the price was too much for the size, whatever might be its merits. Jonathan's face relaxed, his nether jaw fell one degree and nine minutes, and his whole countenance beamed with the intelligence of a hoe-handle. "You are a subscriber, sir, and we are not to be trifled with—we can compel you to take."—Humph, says we.

These same books, we are informed, are now selling at the eastward for a dollar, and from that downwards. Beware of 'wooden nutmegs.' A word to the wise, &c.

From the *Augusta Constitutionalist*.

CURE FOR THE BITE OF THE VIPER, RATTLE-SNAKE, &c.—In great cities, particularly in London, a number of persons procure their livelihood by catching Vipers. They are employed by chemists, apothecaries, &c. I remember some years before leaving England, to have read in the philosophical transactions of the Royal Society, in London, a curious circumstance of one of these Viper-Catchers. A member of the Society had received casually, information that a man engaged in this business was frequently bitten, and that he cured himself by Sweet Olive Oil. After considerable inquiry, the Viper-catcher was found, and the questions asked, whether he did cure himself by the oil, and whether he was willing to satisfy a number of gentlemen of the fact? The man answered in the affirmative to both questions. Accordingly, a very numerous meeting of the Royal Society was convened, composed of a considerable number of nobility, &c. The Viper-catcher attended, accompanied by his wife and a large Viper, and laying his arm naked to the shoulder, suffered the irritated reptile to strike, which it did very forcibly. His wife permitted the poison to operate till her husband's head, face, and tongue were greatly swollen, his arm and face turned very black, and his senses much affected, when she applied the oil by pouring a small quantity down him, and bathing the part bitten. The man gradually, soon recovered. This circumstance being strongly impressed upon my mind, and knowing the poison of an English Viper is considered in that country the most venomous in nature, determined me to try its power in the bite of a Rattle-snake, the first opportunity that should offer in the district I resided in. In 1766, I was travelling through Pendleton, (S. C.) and met a man who inquired of me, if I could assist to relieve the pain of a person who had been bitten by a large Rattle-snake? Although sorry for the man's misfortune, I rejoiced at the opportunity I had offered to ascertain fully the properties of Olive Oil, as an antidote to this deadly poison. Having a phial of this oil in my pocket, I hastened to the suffering creature; and on seeing him, his appearance struck me as the most frightful object I ever beheld. His head and face were extremely swollen, and the latter black. His tongue proportionally enlarged, and extending out of his mouth; his eyes appeared as if they would shoot from their sockets, his senses gone and every appearance of immediate death. He had been bitten on the side of the foot. I immediately, but with great difficulty, poured down him two table spoons full of the oil—its effects were almost instantaneous, and exceedingly powerful in counteracting the poison, as appeared by the strong, though quick convulsions, which followed. In about thirty minutes it operated strongly, both as an emetic and cathartic, after which the swelling of the head, face, &c. gradually abated, and the tongue began to assume its place. In two hours he was so far recovered as to be able to articulate, and from that time recovered fast, till he got perfectly over it. The oil inwardly taken, and externally applied, did not exceed seven spoons full.

The number of cases of the like nature, in 12 years has been considerable, in all which Olive Oil has proved itself to be peculiarly adapted and fully adequate to the worst of cases, if timely applied. It is a remedy which every person can command, (when others can't be procured,) and ought not to be without; indeed, many cautious persons have carried a small phial of oil constantly about them. It has also been used with equal success when horses, cattle, dogs, &c. have been bit. One case, I am credibly informed, has occurred where the Olive Oil succeeded, when given to a woman who had been bitten by a small dog, and who exhibited strong symptoms of Hydrophobia. L. M.

Cure for Dysentery.—A decoction of the roots of the blackberry bushes, (*rubus occidentalis*.) is a safe, sure, and speedy cure for the Dysentery.—This receipt was obtained from the Oneida Indians.

The foregoing copied from an American newspaper, reminds us of another medicine for Dysentery, derived from the same vegetable which ought not to be lost. It was an article constantly introduced into the medicine-chest sent to the West Indies from Bristol, by a physician of that city, whose name we do not recollect, and, being very efficacious, was much inquired for after his death, some forty or fifty years ago. It was communicated to the writer of this article by his daughter, Mrs. Letham, who has also been dead some years. It consists simply of the common blackberries, gathered when ripe. They were put into an oven, and very hot, to exhale all moisture from them; and when quite crisp and dry, were reduced to powder, and then kept in well closed bottles. We are not informed what quantity formed a dose, or how often it should be administered, but we are assured that it operates as a powerful and safe remedy.—*Mechanic's Oracle*.

FOREIGN.

LATE FROM EUROPE.

Mr. TORLIFE, [Proprietor of the Merchants' Reading Room,] has favored us with the *Haarlem Courant* to the 7th June received here, giving Paris dates to the 31st May, and London to June 1st. With the aid of a foreign gentleman we are enabled to give some translations of their contents; particularly an account of the coronation of CHARLES Xth, of France. Two circumstances connected with the ceremony, are worthy remark:—one, the particular manner in which the King swore to support the French Charter; and the other the deposit of the royal insignia, after his coronation, in the hands of Marshals JOURDEN, SOULT and MONTIER.

The *Courant* is reputed to be one of the most impartial of the continental papers; and it will be seen that the accounts it furnishes on the affairs of the Greeks and Turks are of a character very different from those received by the last New-York arrivals. The conflict of the Greeks is represented in a far more favorable light in the former than in the latter.

CORONATION OF CHARLES X.

Paris, May 31. The Coronation of His Majesty CHARLES X. took place at Rheims, the 29th, agreeably to the arrangements made and published, and under the most auspicious circumstances.

The King left Paris the 24th, and arrived the 28th at the village of Tourgenaux, near Rheims, where the Royal Family was assembled, and the arrangement for the Grand Ceremony were completed.

On the 29th, the ceremonies commenced at an early hour in the morning. They were announced by the Archbishop to be similar to those observed 51 years ago, at the Coronation of Louis 16th.

The concourse of persons was very great.—At six o'clock, the Dignitaries of the Church and Ambassadors made their entrance. Of them, were the Duke of Northumberland, Prince ESTERHAZY of Austria, Count Pozzo-Moncoze, the Tunisian Minister, Sid Mahmud, in a superb Turkish dress, and the celebrated banker, Van Rottschild. They were followed by the Dauphin (the Duke d'Angoulême, who did not take any part in the ceremonies till after the King was crowned,) and the Duchess of Berry.

About ten o'clock the King approached the city, attended by the French Cardinals de Clement, Tornerre and de Bausset. Prince Talleyrand knocked at the City Gate, and the Mayor having demanded who approached, the premier Cardinal answered along, "CHARLES X. whom God has given us as King." The gate was then thrown open; and the King entered, followed by the Princes of the blood, &c. &c. all attired in rich mantles, &c. A Grand Procession was then formed to the Cathedral Church. The King walked on foot, between the two French Cardinals. The Duke of Orléans (Marshal Moncey) sustained the office of Constable of France. It is unnecessary to describe the magnificence of the procession. The solemnities of the sacrosanct were numerous and impressive.—We have room only for a few particulars.

The Coronation oath was administered by the Archbishop of Rheims, who is, ex-officio, the first Duke and Peer of France. The Prelate was seated, and the King, kneeling before him, repeated, in a clear and distinct voice, the following oath:—

"I promise, in the presence of God, and my people, to support and honor our holy Religion, as is the duty of every Christian King, and the oldest son of the Church; to do justice and right to my subjects, and to govern according to the laws of the kingdom, and the Constitutional Charter—which I swear faithfully to observe. So help me God, and his Holy Word."

The King then rose, and afterwards took the oaths as Grand Master of the Orders of the *Holy Ghost*, (by which he swears to live and die in the faith of the Roman Catholic Church) of St. Louis, and the *Legion of Honor*.

He was then invested with the massy Crown, (which he afterwards laid aside for a lighter one,) the sword of Charlemagne, the Hand of Justice, the Sceptre, and other Symbols of authority.

The ceremony of Consecration then took place, conformably to the liturgical custom. [See Levit. xiii. 10, 11, &c.] and the holy oil was applied to his head, forehead, breast, shoulders, and armpits, by the Archbishop, the Cardinals assisting in opening apertures in the royal robes to admit the unction.

This ceremony completed, the whole assembled company shouted "Long live the King!" and the doors of the Cathedral being open, the whole was filled by the people, and the walls resounded with their voices.

Numerous other ceremonies took place, one of the most impressive of which was the embrace which the King gave to the Dauphin as his son and heir. The Prince de Croix, Grand Almoner to the King, then conducted his Majesty and the Dauphin to the altar, where they partook of the sacrament. The King then placed the *Hand of Justice*, the *Sceptre*, and *massy Crown*, in the care of Marshals Soult, Mortier, and Jourdan.—The ceremony ended at noon, and the King supported the fatigue of the day, and the weight of the royal robes and massy decorations, without the smallest appearance of inconvenience. He afterwards partook, with his kindred and household of a dinner of 150 covers, given by the city of Rheims.

The next day, the King held a Chapter of the order of "Saint Esprit," instituted in 1578, by HENRY III. for the admission of new Chevaliers. [The *Netherland papers* give a long list of the Princes, Prelates, and officers of this order present on the occasion.—Of them, we notice Talleyrand, Chateaubriand, Lam, Fille, the Marshals Suchet, Macdonald, Oudinot, Moncey, Marmont, and Victor, Pasquier, Lava, Montmorency, Lauriston, and others, well known to newspaper readers.]

The King embraced the occasion to proclaim an act of pardon and amnesty to a large number of the partisans of Buonaparte who had been convicted of political offences, or had emigrated.—The papers only name Lieut. Gen. Dronet d'Eston, one of those who accompanied Napoleon to Elba; and who commanded the Imperial Guard.

The papers mention, that on the journey to Rheims, the horses of the royal carriage took fright, and that the King owed his safety to the courage and skill of his coachman and postilion, who kept the animals in the road till they had recovered from the fright, and become more gentle. The roads being thronged with carriages and horsemen, many accidents occurred. Gen. Curial was thrown from his horse, had two of his ribs broken, and was supposed to be mortally injured. Gen. Bourdesouille was twice thrown from a restive horse, but escaped injury. They are both old and distinguished officers.

Paris papers to 8th June have been received at Portsmouth, (N. H.) by the "Triton." The editor of the Journal remarks, that the papers contain little news of interest, being chiefly filled with accounts of the rejoicings, ceremonies, &c. which occupied that gay city, upon the return of the King after his coronation. The King's arrival in Paris was announced by a royal salute of one hundred and one guns. On presenting the keys of the city to him, the Prefect made an elaborate address, which the King replied:

"I feel great satisfaction in re-entering these walls. It is always with a lively emotion that I recollect the reception that was given me eleven years ago, when I preceded the King my brother. I return here having received the holy unction, which has given me new strength. I will consecrate it all and whatever I have of life and all my means, to the prosperity of France. This is my firm resolution, Gentlemen; I give you assurance of it."

A tremendous fire broke out at Bordeaux on the 2d June, by which property to the value of four millions of francs was consumed, including 2500 pipes of brandy. To the amount of about two millions was insured at the different offices.

A letter of the 26th May, from Barcelona states, that in the prisons of that place and Villafranca, there are actually 144 persons for trial by the Executive Military Commission.

The convoy so long expected from the Havana has at length arrived at Cadix, but the money it brings will go little way in filling the public coffers, as it has only 40,000 piastres on board.

On the 21st May, a young man employed in a mercantile house at Lyons, shot himself with a pistol. A few minutes before, he wrote a letter to a fellow-clerk, begging him to put his accounts to rights, and assigning as the cause of his suicide a dread of a miserable old age on account of physical sufferings that he endured. He added, that if his friend had need of him in the other world he offered him his services.

Major Donham, and Lieut. Clapperton, the survivors of the expedition which left England in 1821, under the direction of Earl Bathurst, for the purpose of penetrating into the interior of Africa, by way of Tripoli and Fezzan, arrived in Paris on the 21st May, on their return to England. The results of their perilous attempts are said to be of the highest importance, both with regard to settling many interesting points in the geography of that hitherto imperfectly known continent, and the state of civilization in which they found the natives of several populous kingdoms, inhabiting walled towns and cities, actually situated where the present maps of Africa represent immense deserts.—A resident Englishman in the person of Mr. Tyrwhitt, is now established in the very centre of the continent of Africa, in perfect security, and with permission to hoist his flag as British consul.

A Dutch Jew recently died at Amsterdam, who bequeathed funds for arming and equipping six 74 gun ships. At his death there were found in his house 44 tubs filled with coin bearing the effigy of all the sovereigns of the world. Eight days were employed in counting these pieces. This capitalist, who was in his 83d year, had visited all Europe, Africa, and America, and part of Asia.

From GREECE.—As late as the last of April the Turko-Egyptian army was near Midon, &c. but said to be in a critical situation, having lost many men in various actions, and being in want of supplies and reinforcements. The fleet from Constantinople had not joined the Egyptian.—[It was to sail from the Dardanelles about the 3d May.] A letter from Seres, Ap. 30th says, the Turkish Seraskier has been obliged to raise the siege of Missolonghi, and having been beaten by the Greeks near Arta, had retreated to Joannina. It is added, that Ulysses, (the Greek Admiral,) had been abandoned by all his men, and had fled to the mountains, pursued by Gourra, Colocotroni, and his associates, remained in confinement at Hydra.

Advices of a recent date from Missolonghi leave no doubt relative to the defection of Odysseus. A private letter from Ulm states that the Viceroy of Egypt has consented for all his troops and his fleet destined to act against the Greeks, to be placed under the command of the Captain Pacha.

Letters dated Corfu, May 9, received at Trieste, announce that the Greek Admiral Miaulis has completely defeated a division of the Egyptian squadron, and has captured eight or ten vessels laden with provisions and ammunition destined for Ibrahim Pacha at Midon, whose troops are in a state of the greatest destitution.

TURKEY.—According to the latest accounts from Constantinople and the Levant, fresh difficulties, relating to the departure of the Capt. Pacha, had caused daily meetings of the Divan; and it was generally reported that it was engaged in discussing affairs of the greatest importance, which remained an impenetrable secret, even to the foreign ambassadors.—The French and Austrian Ambassadors, and M. Minzicki, the Russian Charge d'Affairs, had frequent conferences with the Reis Effendi. It was reported that the three powers had offered their mediation between the Porte and the Greeks, and that the Divan had replied, that the Porte would not accept of this mediation unless Greece submitted to its dominion as formerly, on condition of a general amnesty.

DOMESTIC.

From the *National Intelligencer*.

A PRESENT FOR BOLIVAR.

We understand that a present is preparing in this city, intended for the Liberator BOLIVAR, and that an opportunity will be sought of conveying it to the care of the Colombian Minister, through the honored medium of our Nation's Guest, during his now shortly expected and last visit to the seat of Government.

This compliment to worth, which, though so distant from us, is not the less revered, will consist of two articles—A Medal, which was given by the city of Williamsburg, the ancient capital of Virginia, to the ancestor of the present donor, the lady of Washington, in commemoration of the virtue and services of her illustrious husband, in the war of independence. The medal is of the purest gold, weighing upwards of an ounce, and has engraved, on the one side, the genius of American Liberty, represented by Wisdom and Valor; legend, "Virtute et Labore florent Republicae." City of Williamsburg. On the reverse is seen an armed Warrior, who has thrown aside his shield, and is in the act of piercing with a lance a crowned Lion, which rushes to destroy him. Above the Warrior, appears the American constellation of Thirteen Stars with the legend, "In hoc signo vinces"—Inscription on the reverse, "En dat Fugiatia primum."

There is added to this interesting memorial, a portrait of the Great Chief, largest-sized miniature, executed by the celebrated Field, in his best style, from a painting by Stewart. In the back of the picture is enclosed a lock of the Patriarch's hair, of the same description as that now worn in the Ring of the estimable Lafayette, and encircled by a wreath of the Roman laurel, the legend simply "Pater Patriae," and the inscription—"Auctoritate Libertatis Americanae in Septentrione hanc imaginem ad Flatus ejus adoptatus. Illi qui gloriam similes in Justitia adoptus est."

The following letter will be sent to the Hero of the South:

"LIBERATOR: An American, of the family of Mount Vernon, presents to you, by the honored hands of the last of the Generals of the Army of North American Independence, the venerable, the good Lafayette, a medal commemorative of the worth and fame of the most truly great and glorious of Men, the gift of the ancient Capital of his native State and preserved in his family since the War of the Revolution. Accompanying this memorial, is a portrait of the Great Chief, enclosing a lock of his hair.

Accept, Liberator, these offerings, made to your virtues, and the illustrious services you have rendered to your country and the cause of mankind. Let them be preserved among the archives of South American Liberty, that they may command the veneration of ages yet to come, and, with the interesting relics of their chiefs, receive the homage of all the Americans, who, with pure and triumphant acclaim, hail you as Bolivar, the Deliverer, the Washington of the South.

Of the application of the legends on the medal to the South American Republics, we would observe, that wisdom and valor must always be grand essentials with every people who struggle to throw off the yoke of oppression, to obtain the natural rights of mankind. The Constellation of American Glory will appear to the oppressed like the Cross of Constantine in the heavens, forbidding despair, and inspiring the hope and belief that "In hoc signo vinces."

And where, as with our South American brethren, the struggle is over, the boon obtained, and a regenerate people are about to enter on the grand experiment of self-government, we may truly and feelingly say to them, that "by Virtue and Industry will Republics flourish."

GEORGE W. P. CUSHNIS.

POINT OF HONOR. A most singular instance of tenaciousness recently occurred in Baltimore. One regiment in that city, formerly commanded by the late Gen. Stricker, is composed entirely of volunteer companies. The field officers, it seems, are appointed by the Governor, and not chosen, as with us, by a majority of the votes of the subordinate officers. An adjutant was recently appointed major, superseding, of course, the senior captain; and the consequence was that the officers of the several corps forming the regiment were so much dissatisfied, that, after having in vain solicited the executive to revoke the adjutant's commission, with one consent, they threw up their commissions, and dissolved and disbanded the regiment.

Sal. Gaz.

GEN. LAFAYETTE. We are happy to learn, that Gen. Lafayette has yielded to the pressing invitation of government to return to France in the new frigate BRANDYWINE, recently launched at the city of Washington; and, that he will remain until after the eleventh September, in compliance with the wish of government, to be present at the anniversary of the battle of Brandywine, where he first shed blood in fighting for the Independence of these United States. A departure from his adopted, for his native country, under these circumstances will give a finish in his glorious career, worthy of the country, and honorable to the nation's guest.

N. Y. Gar.

All the money-diggers, and believers in Captain Kidd's hidden treasures, in the upper part of the city, were set in motion on Friday evening, by a report that a vast treasure in gold had been found in the vicinity of Chatham-Square.

The facts upon which fame has already raised many a superstructure, we believe to be simply these: In digging for the foundation of a new building on the site of the old brewery, in Chatham-square, near the Tradesmen's Bank, the workmen suddenly came upon a brick vault, about three feet long, and two feet wide, and one foot deep, securely and handsomely made. This vault was fourteen feet below the surface, and all around it the earth was solid. These who discovered it say that nothing was contained in it; others, upon what foundation we know not, say it contained a box, which was secretly carried away by the finders. A hundred rumors are afloat, which it would be idle to repeat, or attempt to trace. The facts are as above stated—for what purpose, at what time, and by whom, such a receptacle, in such a place, was constructed, we shall not attempt to conjecture.

N. Y. Amer.

A Prize.—On Saturday morning, the workmen engaged in digging a vault for a new house, at the corner of Fayette-street and Chatham-square, discovered, at the depth of 10 or 12 feet from the surface, a closed arched vault of brick work, which on being opened was found to contain an iron chest, with a considerable sum of money in gold and silver. We have not ascertained the amount—reports state from 30 to 50,000 dollars. The building which had stood on this ground, it is said, was about 50 years old.

N. Y. Merc. Ad.

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1825.

THE WEATHER.—The weather, during the greater part of last week, was very warm. On Tuesday, the Thermometer stood at 97 degrees; in Boston, on the same day, it stood at 100 degrees; and in Salem from 100 to 104! The Boston Gazette states, that twenty-five or thirty persons have died in that city, in consequence of the extreme heat, and many from drinking cold water. [See next column.] Persons cannot be too cautious in drinking cold water, when very warm. To wash one's face and hands before drinking, is said to be a preventative from harm.

AFRICA.—By recent news received by the Colonization Society, we learn, that both cotton and coffee are the spontaneous growth of Africa. A cotton shawl manufactured by the natives of that country, and a sample of their coffee, may be seen in Baltimore. It is said that there is more cotton blown away by the wind every year in the interior of Africa, than is exported from the United States, in the same period of time. We hope the time will soon arrive when these natural products of the soil may be exported in preference of HUMAN FLESH.

GRAND NATIONAL CELEBRATION, 1826.—By a communication in the National Gazette, it is suggested to have a Grand National Celebration, in Philadelphia, on the 4th of July, 1826, in the same Hall where our immortal Declaration of Independence was first read. At that time, (July 4, 1826,) a half century will have elapsed since that sacred appeal was made to Heaven, for the justness of our cause as a nation. It is recommended that the Hall be put in the same order (as near as possible) as it was on that ever memorable day; that the Declaration of Independence be read by one of its Signers, if practicable; that a copy of every book published the year preceding, be sent there; also, that every editor of a newspaper and periodical, publish the invitation, and send a copy, as an evidence of our freedom and a pledge of its continuance—to be exhibited on that illustrious Anniversary; and that the best talents of our country be invited to furnish intellectual entertainment for the day; and, (what ought strictly to be attended to,) every arrangement, throughout the country, should be made to exclude sectional and party distinctions.

INDEPENDENCE.—For two weeks past, our Mail papers have been pretty well stuffed with accounts relating, in a remote degree, to the birth-day of our nation. The most of the toasts drunk on that day, would spoil the best of Champagne. We hope that the orations were better; and we have no doubt that many of them were, from the known talents of the orators engaged.

GREAT MEN COPY GREAT MEN.—At the celebration of Independence at New-Gloucester, the orator of the day, (John S. Megquier, Esq.) gave as a toast the following:

"New-Gloucester—The place of my birth; a return to it, excites the most pleasing associations; its citizens possess my most cherished affections."

The gentleman had the honor of copying the precise words of Gen. La Fayette, only substituting "New-Gloucester, the place of my birth," for "the United States, my adopted country." We hope this toast will be handed down to generations yet to come, that they may know the birth-place of John S. Megquier, Esq.

THE DEARBORN FAMILY.—It appears from statements published, that this family, in all its branches, has received, for their services, from the public chest, four hundred and thirty-seven thousand, four hundred and fifty dollars. This proves, in our estimation, that they are more deserving of offices on account of their qualifications, or they have been improperly bestowed; or, that there are more of them belonging to the family than any other. This sum, according to the statement published, was divided among seven of them.

George Hay, Esq. son-in-law of the late ex-president Monroe, has been appointed United States District Judge for the Eastern District of Virginia. We are led to conclude, from what we learn, that this appointment will not add to the popularity of Mr. Adams.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—A Miss Hannah Fuller, of Warren County, (Conn.) recently received the enormous sum of twenty-five whole dollars, for a breach of marriage contract! This business is not so profitable as formerly; it is much like every other kind of business—spoils by over-doing; or, in other words, too many engaged in it.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FIRE.—In Philadelphia, a few weeks since, a marble yard was destroyed by fire! and since that, an ice house!! We learnt some months since, that the inhabitants of the "quaker city," warmed their rooms with water; but did not know, until recently, that their fire was quite so dangerous.

At the recent term of the Supreme Court at Machias, ELIAS L. HAMLIN, Esq. formerly of this town, was admitted as an attorney at said Court.

The following toasts were drank on the fourth of July instant, at Matanawcook, in the County of Penobscot. They were handed to us by a friend, for publication:

The Day.—As sacred as the Jewish Feast of the Passover, or the Days of Purim—which gave Independence to America—and may it give Freedom to the world.

The American Congress of '76.—Whose Declaration brought Liberty to light, and denounced tyranny to the shades;—Let Americans forever venerate their names.

The Constitution of the United States.—The Grand Fabric on which stands the Liberty, Equality and In-

dependence of Americans;—Those that would break it down—may they "fall" like Milton's angels "to rise no more."

John Adams.—The venerable Patriot and Statesman;—Let his services be remembered who taught and helped this nation to be free.

Thomas Jefferson.—The Patriot, Philosopher and Statesman, who is more worthy of Honor than any Conqueror, Prince or Potentate—from the beginning of time to the present.

The President of the United States.—Standing on the Pinacle of Freedom—raised to the high station by Wisdom and Patriotism;—A higher honor than Princes, with their Royal Blood and diadem, can ever possess.

The State of Maine.—A valuable link in the chain of the American Union—indented by pleasant Bays, and watered by the finest Rivers—Let their artificial improvements equal their natural advantages; then our importance will be known.

Daughters of America.—May they sing to the millions yet to come a song of Liberty for a Cradle Hymn.

SALEM, July 15.

THE WEATHER. After four days of weather almost insufferably hot, a favorable and agreeable change in the state of the air took place yesterday, (Thursday.) On Tuesday the thermometers ranged variably, at the highest, from 100 to 104. We hear from New-York, Connecticut, Rhode-Island, and Maine, that the weather has been unusually warm, though nowhere does it appear to have been quite so warm as here, and at Boston. Many have lost their lives in consequence of this extreme heat, both by excess of fatigue and by imprudence in drinking cold water. The Boston papers give melancholy accounts of the destructive effects of the weather: the Gazette states that twenty-five or thirty in that city have fallen victims; most of them laboring Irishmen. One only has died in this town, where death has been attributed to overpowering heat; this was Mr. Jacobson, who is supposed to have come to his death by drinking too freely of cold water. The Register states that a young woman, in this town, was so powerfully affected by an exposure to the sun for a short time, on Tuesday, that derangement ensued. The Providence Gazette states that a colored man lost his life in that town, on Tuesday, by drinking cold water. The New-York Evening Post says that a lady passing along Greenwich-street, in that city, on Sunday, was so overcome that she fell on the pavement, and was afterwards attacked with fits, which continued through the night. Several men fell down in the streets in New-York, one of whom died on Monday. Three horses were killed in the stage from Philadelphia to New-York. The owners of the line of Stages between Providence and Boston, have lost five horses, and from other quarters it appears that the heat has been equally destructive to the animal and brute creation. The Providence Journal states that the excessive heat on Monday and Tuesday was fatal to the fish in Brush Pond, in Cranston. This Pond is about three acres, and the water between two and three feet in depth; yet so intense was the heat that all the fish therein were suffocated: several hundred perch, pickerel, &c. some weighing a pound and an half, were found floating on the surface of the water, and large quantities were taken from the bottom, without any signs of life.

Post-Office Department. Two hundred and seventy-six new Post-Offices have been established since the last day of January last, and one of the great western mails, formerly transported but three times a week, has been made a daily mail. Notwithstanding these and other valuable and expensive improvements, the revenue of the Post-Office Department, which has for some years past been inadequate to the expenditure, will, this year, in consequence of the new modes of business introduced by the present Post-master General, be fully equal to the expenses, and will probably somewhat exceed them.—*Bos. Amer. Statesman.*

Commodore Porter.—The Court Martial for the trial of Commodore Porter, met at Washington, last Thursday.

The Commodore was asked if he had exception to any of the members of the Court, when he requested to read a paper which contained objections to the Judge Advocate, and expressed his satisfaction with the rest of the members. The Court being cleared for deliberation, decided, that he had no right to object to the Judge Advocate, and the Commodore's paper, together with the Judge Advocate's opinion, was recorded. The members and Judge Advocate were then sworn, and the charges being read, the Commodore requested a copy, and that he might be allowed till the next morning to plead, and also that Mr. Jones might be admitted as his counsel. These requests were granted, and the Court adjourned to the next day, at 10 o'clock.

On Friday, at the appointed time, the Court again met at the Marine Garrison, and examined Capt. Dallas, whose testimony, it is said, was conclusively in favor of the Commodore.

Lieut. Platt was next called; but before his examination was concluded, the Court adjourned at four o'clock, to meet at ten on Saturday.—*N. Y. States.*

From the Philadelphia United States Gazette.

DESHA'S TRIAL.—The Frankfort Commentator of June 18th says, the June Term of the Harrison Circuit Court, commenced on Monday last. Our attentive correspondent at Cynthia informs us that Mr. Wall, attorney for the Commonwealth, moved a continuance of Desha's cause on the ground of the absence of material witnesses. The motion, it appears, met with opposition, and an agreement was made, that the cause should lay over until Friday (yesterday) and that attachments should issue, in the mean time, for the absent witnesses, returnable on that day. The Governor, and other connections of the prisoner, were in attendance, and his counsel (Mr. Taul) expected he would be ready for trial.

The understanding at Cynthia was that there would be no difficulty in relation to the jury; and that the trial would proceed. So says our correspondent; but considering the difficulty of collecting such a host of witnesses as attended the former trial and were deemed necessary; the improbability that the Commonwealth will receive any jurors, who do not declare themselves free of bias with the improbability that a sufficient number can be obtained, who have not formed opinions; and that the remaining seven days of the term would according to past experience, be wholly insufficient to complete the trial, it appears to us very unlikely that there can be a verdict rendered at this term.

Manuel Jose de Arce, a man of letters and excellent character, has been chosen at Guatemala, President of that Republic. On the day of his inauguration, as he was proceeding to the Congress-hall to take the prescribed oaths, a hog ran between his legs and threw him down. This accident is noticed in the Mexican papers as having "disturbed the solemnity of the ceremonies."

A sand-bar has formed in the river opposite to New-Orleans, where, a few months since, there was 20 feet deep of water, by which the navigation was interrupted.

Distressing Occurrence. It becomes our melancholy duty to record the death of four men, who were drowned by the sinking of a boat on Browning's Pond in Rutland, on the 5th inst. viz. Doct. Howe, Timothy Ruggles, Jonas Howe, and William Hammond.—There were, in all, five persons in the boat; one of whom, Stephen W. Day, formerly of this town, being a good swimmer, was saved. We understand that he permitted Dr. Howe to hold by his coat, and had carried him to within a few rods of the shore, when finding he could proceed no farther, thus encumbered, he was compelled to break away and abandon him to his fate.

Dr. Howe was an enterprising young man, of great promise in his profession, and with flattering prospects of success before him. But the day before, he had amputated a man's arm, who had been injured by the firing of a cannon. By this sudden dispensation of Providence, a gloom is cast over the town which will not soon nor easily be dissipated. "In the midst of life we are in death."—*Worcester Spy.*

Distressing Casualty. The following particulars of a very distressing accident which occurred in North Hill on the 5th inst. have been handed us for publication:

Samuel, 3d son of Mrs. Mary Browning, aged 9 years, had been sent by Mr. Joseph Lord, with whom he lived, to a neighbor's house upon an errand, and on his return the horse on which he rode probably took fright and threw him from his back—unluckily one of his feet caught in the stirrup, and in this position, suspended from the saddle by one foot, he was carried with great speed by the horse the distance of 20 or 30 rods. The bruises he received caused his immediate death.—*Som. Journal.*

Extraordinary Animal.—The bones of an animal of an immense size, and which apparently belonged to some unknown species, are exhibiting in New-Orleans. They were found on a small bayou leading from the Mississippi, about 20 miles below Fort St. Phillip, and immediately on the sea-shore. The following is the only description given: A horn 18 feet long, and weighing about 1000 lbs.; a branch of a horn, 9 feet long, weighing 150 lbs.; 7 joints of the back bone; 1 do. of the tail; 2 do. of the leg.

The Rev. Mr. Purkis, of Laprairie, lately visited the Caughnawaga Indians, taking with him several copies of the New-Testament in the Mohawk language, and to his astonishment he not only found that they could read, but understand also. The Indians solicited him to leave some copies with great earnestness.

A Convention of the Republicans of Oxford County, will be held at the Court-house in Paris, on Wednesday the 24th day of August next, at 6 o'clock, P. M. for the purpose of designating the Candidates for Senators, &c. for said County the ensuing year. Each town and plantation will send one Delegate—and such towns as send a Representative, will send two each.

By order of the County Committee.

July 14.

A Probate Court will be held at Waterford, on Monday the first, and at Fryeburg on Tuesday the second day of August next.

We are requested to state, that Rev. Alan Dinmore will preach at the Universalist Meeting-house, in Norway village, on Sunday next.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The favor of "K," and the communication of "O. P." will appear in our next.

DIED.

In Ferrisburg, Vt. 2d instant, Mr. Noah Porter, aged 93. Sixty-seven years ago he was Lieut. under Gen. Abercrombie, and was attached to the column led by Lord Howe when that brave young nobleman fell. He also bore an active part in the revolutionary war. Mr. Porter was perhaps the last survivor of that gallant army who attacked the works of Fort Mifflin in 1778. In Philadelphia, the venerable Thomas Leiper, aged 80. For the last 50 years he held a prominent station in the politics of Pennsylvania.

In Providence, R. I. Robert Wain, Jr. Esq. of Philadelphia, Editor of the Biography of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence.

In Marlborough, on the 24th ult. Dea. Moses Ames, aged 62.

In Templeton, on the 16th of April last, Deacon Joel Fletcher, aged 83. The deceased was Captain of a company of Minute men in the memorable battle of Bunker-Hill, and was in Col. Doolittle's regiment.

In Brunswick, on the 25th ult. very suddenly, Mr. John Wilson, aged about 40. Mrs. Lucy Emerson, aged about 80. Mrs. Betsey, wife of Mr. Joshua Webb, aged 38. Mrs. Jane, wife of Mr. David Curtis.

In Topsham, on the 1st inst. Mr. William Randall, aged about 85. He retired to bed apparently well, and was found dead in the morning.

In Lincoln county, N. C. 15th ult. the Rev. Daniel Asbury, aged 64. Half an hour before his death he was well enough to write a letter to a friend. He had been a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 37 years.

In Longmeadow, Col. Gideon Burt, aged 82, a Revolutionary Officer.

In North-Kingston, R. I. Mr. Charles Berry, a revolutionary soldier, aged 91.

In Otis, Mass. Mr. Isaac Penfield, aged 94.—His wife, about the same age, followed his remains on foot to the burying ground, a distance of two miles.

In Sutton, on the 25th ult. much lamented, Capt. Abner Chase, aged 43 years.

In Hallowell, Mr. Nathaniel Brown, aged 55.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution, and will be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday the 20th day of August next, at two o'clock, P. M. at the house of STEPHEN HEALD, in Lowell—all the Right in Equity which MOSES HUTCHINS, of Lowell, has of redeeming the Farm on which he lives, in said Lowell, under the incumbrance of a mortgage to Saco Bank.

ANDREW M'ILLAN, Deputy Sheriff.

Fryeburg, 15th July, 1825.

PROPOSALS FOR publishing at Portland, Maine, a weekly paper, to be entitled the

MAINE RECORD.

Of Literature, Science, Agriculture and News.

The time seems to have arrived, when the Capital of the large and respectable State of Maine, may sustain a periodical paper devoted to Literature and general Science, free from political, or religious discussions. The already advanced and still advancing state of the public mind in taste and useful knowledge is considered a guarantee that a work of this kind will meet with adequate support; and the fact that no publication now exists in this State, is an additional encouragement to propose the undertaking. It is intended to make the RECORD a source of amusement and profit to every class of readers. The man of literature, of science, and of business shall be equally indulged with his favorite subjects. But while the literary, scientific and commercial departments will be strictly attended to, and rendered as interesting as possible, the Agricultural interest will not be neglected—a full share of the attention of the Editor will be devoted to this important branch of national industry. Care will also be taken to communicate the latest articles of foreign and domestic intelligence, and the proceedings of the State and National Legislatures. A *Masonic Register* of the regular communications of the different Lodges in the State, will also be given, with such other information as may be interesting to the fraternity.

A gentleman of experience has been engaged as the Editor, whose best efforts will be applied to render the columns of the RECORD useful and entertaining. Several other gentlemen of literary acquirements have given assurance of assistance; by which it is hoped the publication will be made worthy of the support of a generous and enlightened public.

GEORGE W. BAZIN, J. O. BALCH, Editor.

Portland, June, 1825.

CONDITIONS.

1. The RECORD will be printed every Saturday morning, at Two Dollars per annum, payable at the end of six months.

2. It will be printed on good paper, of a royal size, and on fair type.

3. Any person who shall become accountable for seven subscribers, shall receive one copy gratis.

Subscription papers to be returned to the publisher at Portland, on or before the 15th of September next.

Subscriptions received at this Office.

Young Scholar's First Book.

JUST published and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore.

THE YOUNG SCHOLAR'S FIRST BOOK;

OR, GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

Being a book calculated for small children.

The several instructresses in this vicinity are, respectfully invited to call and receive a copy for examination.

—ALSO FOR SALE—

BALFOUR'S INQUIRY—second edition.

July 21.

BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has taken the shop of Mr. Jacob JACKSON, and will carry on the

BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS

in all its usual branches. Work of every description, wanted in the country will be done at the shortest notice. EDGE TOOLS made and repaired. Customers will at all times find him at his shop, and no exertion will be spared to give perfect satisfaction.

CYRUS B. NORRIS.

Paris, July 16, 1825.

In Seven Days, THE CUMBERLAND AND OXFORD CANAL LOTTERY, THIRD CLASS.

IN THE EXPERIMENTAL SCHEME, WILL BE DRAWN.

All persons who wish to secure a chance for prizes are requested to call at the Oxford Bookstore, where Tickets may still be had, at \$4 50; Halves \$2 25; Quarters \$1 25; Eighths 62 1-2 cents, and Sixteenths 37 1-2 cents. Letters, enclosing cash, with the postage paid, will be attended to, the same as personal application.

Paris, July 21.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution, and to be sold at Public Vendue, at the store of NATHANIEL HANLOW, Esq. in Buckfield, on Saturday the twenty-seventh day of August next, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all the right in equity, which SCOTT THOMAS, of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, has of redeeming a certain parcel or tract of Land, situated in said Buckfield, and being the whole of lot numbered thirteen in the fourth Range, and west Second division of lots in said Buckfield containing one hundred acres, be the same more or less.

ISAIAH WHITTEMORE, Deputy Sheriff.

Paris, July 16, 1825.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN by virtue of an Execution, and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the Store of BENJAMIN HARRER, in Hiram, on Saturday the sixth day of August next, at one o'clock in the afternoon—all the right, title, interest and possession which ISRAEL BURBANK, of said Hiram, has in and to about three acres of Land with a house thereon, situated in Hiram aforesaid; being a part of the lot now owned by Alpheus Spring—together with all the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging.

BENJ. BUCKNELL, Deputy Sheriff.

Hiram, July 4, 1825.

MAINE CIVIL OFFICER.

JUST published, and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, THE MAINE CIVIL OFFICER, OF THE POWERS AND DUTIES OF

Sheriffs, Coroners, Constables, and Collectors of Taxes;

With an Appendix,

Containing the necessary forms, and an abridgment of the law relative to the duties of

CIVIL OFFICERS.

BY JEREMIAH PERLEY, Author of the Maine Justice, &c.

Price, \$1 25 cents.

July 14.

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

In Asia first the human race were placed,
From thence to Europe sons of Adam passed,
And Africa, o'er all her sun-burnt plain,
Received and owned the sceptre of their reign.

Next, to the Islands of the watery waste
And southern seas, they went with eager haste;
Britannia then received the sons of man,
And wandering tribes o'er all her Island ran.

In barbarous times no arts her heroes knew,
But washed their naked limbs in morning dew;
Their only wish, to learn the art of war,
And hurl their furious javelins afar.

Then rose immortal Alfred; he, from days
Of darkest ignorance, culled the feeble rays
Of science, which she shed upon the earth;
And thus their arts and manners had their birth.

When from their native home our fathers fled,
And sought in safety here to lay their heads
Amid the Western wilds; they with them brought
Their native manners, and their native thoughts.

Here, free from persecution's dreadful arm,
They built their towns and kept themselves from harm.

Till British tyrants, on our Western shore,
Saw freedom thrive, and madly wished for power.

This from his throne the restless monarch saw,
And strove to force, against great nature's law,
His Western subjects here, to wear the yoke
Of Eastern bondage; but the chains are broke.

When first Columbia saw her rights despised,
And law and justice madly thrown aside,
She sent petitions to the royal throne
Of England, but there justice was unknown.

Then, as a lion rouses from his den,
Shakes his huge sides and rears his shaggy mane,
So did Columbia, with her dreadful might,
Call on her sons, and urge them to the fight.

But first, to lead her men, and from the hand
Of force invaders, to preserve her land,
She chose great WASHTON, himself an host,
To oppose her foes and drive them from her coast.

His mother's call he instantly obeys,
And, turning from his former peaceful ways,
Prepares to meet the horrid din of war,
To urge the steed and guide the iron car.

Thus, though more used to till the fertile soil,
And slumber sweetly after peaceful toil,
He leaves his home, his native land to save,
And screen her freedom from an early grave.

Though all untold Columbia's sons had been
To arms of war, or to the cruel scene
Of man opposing to his fellow man
The dreadful sword; life's crimson fluid ran—

Chill to their hearts at thought of sudden death.
Thousands of valiant men now lie beneath
The sod, and for their loss their country mourns,
And with her, briny tears bedew their urns.

Yet, at her call, forth step'd the hardy swain,
To drive her foes across the Atlantic main;
And sent them back to tell their haughty lord
America has learned to use the sword.

Then was Columbia's guardian seen to stand
Upon her lofty hills, and in her hand
She held a wreath, with which she bound the brows
Of those who had repulsed her cruel foes.

She said, "my sons, be yours the blissful lot,
Where'er your home, a palace or a cot,
To dwell secure from desolating war,
Within your breasts may no blind passions jar.

"Be your lives long, and far your fame be known,
Even from the northern to the southern zone;
And when at last, death calls you to depart,
May no severe reflections pain your heart."

Then freedom rose; she called the land her own:
And, to remotest time shall it be known,
That, in this land, where every tongue can tell
The sound that freedom love to hear so well.

No despot e'er can live; if he but breathe
Our air, no care can rescue him from death:
The very instant that he treads our shore,
He swoons away—and life's short voyage is o'er.

ZERO.

FROM THE NATIONAL GAZETTE.
Ode for the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker's Hill.

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

Where rest the mighty slain
'Neath monument or mound,
On towering hill or plain,
That spot is holy ground:
Sons of the Warrior! rear
The obelisk on high;
Sons of the Brave! revere
The deeds that never die.

Bid ye the column tell
Where honor'd graves appear,
That foreign legions fell
Ingloriously here:
God—whose sublime decree,
Speaks elements to rest,
Gave victory to the Free,
And safety to the oppressed.

Ghosts of the glorious Dead!
Once venerated Sires!
Your offspring bless, and shed
On them, your sacred fires;
At this auspicious hour,
On this devoted spot,
Glory! we feel thy power—
What bosom owns it not?

Rear ye the letter'd Rock!
What though it pass away,
Though marble e'er can mock
Time's sullen sure decay—
The Patriot's deed is known
To archives of the sky;
Emblazon'd from the throne,
The record cannot die!

TIME.

Time may Ambition's nest destroy,
Tho' on a rock 'tis perch'd so high;
May find dull Avarice in his cave,
And drag to light the sordid slave;
But from Affection's temple'd shrine
To free the heart he strives in vain.

The sculptur'd urn, the marble bust,
By time are crumbled with the dust;
But tender thoughts the muse has twin'd,
For Love or Friendship's brow design'd,
Shall still endure, shall still delight,
Till TIME is lost in endless night.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New-Jersey Free Press.
THE PRINTING-OFFICE.

If you wish to study character—if you wish to see the world—if you wish to know what crudities and quiddities exist in the human race, go to the printing-office, when the paper is published, and the morning stage has brought its usual bundle of crimes, crim. con. and congressional proceedings. Let a lazy fellow like myself, one who has little to do, and still less disposition to perform even that little, make a morning's lounge in the printing-office, and he will learn more than he would in a fortnight's poring over his dusty, worm-eaten volumes. I love to secure a quiet nook, and with a newspaper before me, peep out to observe the motley assemblage who flock together to present their advertisements, find fault with the editor or printer, hear the latest news, make their sage remarks, and "spill their judgments" on the political affairs of this mundane sphere.

In comes Mr. Dry Goods, with a request that a blunder, the printer had made in an advertisement of his, the day before, by substituting chintze for cheese, making it read a "quantity of chintze from one of the first dairies in the country," might be corrected. The compositor was called, the manuscript was produced, and found printed *verbatim*, and Mr. Dry Goods hastily left the office to correct his own mistakes.

Mr. Vinegar Cruet, the village grocer, wished that "smoked herrings" might be put in capitals, as he wished to draw the attention of the public to that article.

A young gentleman entered and handed a small packet of papers to the editor, and left the office. His manner plainly enough indicated that he belonged to the class of idlers who contribute their mites to the ephemeral columns of the day.

"Mr. Editor," said a fat old fellow, who sat wheezing in his easy chair, "you give too much room to such idle fellows; who care for their literature and their essays? I had rather read a debate of congress, or our legislature, than all the literary trash which the whole tribe of scribblers can furnish in a year."

"Perhaps, Mr. Grumblegumption, it may be so with you, but you are so good as to patronize a paper merely for the miscellaneous articles it contains, and who rarely if ever look at a congressional debate; and we caterers for the public must consult the inclination and taste of all, so far as is consistent with the paramount obligations we owe to society."

"But I tell you," interrupted Grumblegumption, "that no advantage whatever is derived from all the tales, essays, and poetry, which the present generation has produced; they only—"

"Mr. Editor," said a young lady, who had that moment entered, "will you please to hand me your paper, containing the prize essay of the 'Dream of Love,' from the New-York Mirror."

It was given her, and with a smile and a look which I would not have exchanged for all the congressional debates in the universe, with old Grumble to boot, she retired.

"There," continued he, "such are the persons for whom you exclude the wisdom of sages, and the researches of our legislative halls."

A pedler of combs, sleeve buttons, needles, &c. inquired for a paper; one was handed him, and turning it over, said his object in calling was, to examine the bank note exchange, but was surprised to find it excluded, when it was so particularly necessary for gentlemen engaged in trade.—He was referred to the city papers for the information necessary to determine the character of the two dollar bill he held in his hand, and turning on his heel he left us.

The door opened, and a man whose important and supercilious air showed him to be a person of authority, entered. "Mr. Editor," said he, "I have called to demand the name of the individual who signed himself 'Manlius' in this morning's paper."

"When the reasons are known for this demand," said the editor, "perhaps you may be gratified in your request."

"My reasons," replied he, angrily, "are, the fellow has abused me shamefully, and his name shall be given up, or you yourself must prepare to suffer the consequences of refusal."

"But are you certain, Squire Smellfungus, the article was aimed at you? There are, you are sensible, no names mentioned, and there are unfortunately so many persons to whom the character sketched by Manlius is applicable, that there must be some strong points of resemblance indeed to justify your demand."

"You know," said Smellfungus, "that there are scoundrels in every community who take delight in stabbing in the dark, men who are more elevated than themselves, and unless a proper punishment is awarded, no man will be safe from their attacks."

"I venture to say," replied the editor, "that Manlius was unaware that so important a personage as yourself existed; and when he was wielding the lash of satire over the political sins and moral crimes of certain of the community, he had little idea that any person who aspires to respectability in society, would claim the privilege of considering those remarks as directed at him."

It was easy to perceive the man of office felt his situation was becoming far from enviable, and denouncing the severest penalty of the law upon "all and sundry," he was moving towards the door, with an evident intention of taking himself off—

"Wait if you please, one moment," said the

editor, "I merely wish to whisper in your ear, that before proceeding in this affair, it may be well to look at home. A writer like Manlius looks abroad in the political world; he surveys the mass of knavery and folly with which it abounds; he embodies it and gives it 'a substance and a form,' that may receive the lash of ridicule, the sting of satire, or the frown of contempt; if any political adventurer steps forward and says, 'I am that knave,' or 'I am that villain,' it is nothing to us. We have learned that no one is ever hurt by that which does not apply to himself. 'Let the feather of the shaft glance over a sound part and it will not be felt; but let it touch a wounded and irritable place and it will inflict pain and anguish!'"

Pale with rage, Smellfungus closed the door with a violence which showed the reproach as well as the offence was felt. Even old Grumblegumption grinned a smile of exultation at Smellfungus' mortification.

A young man entered, handed a paper, and retired.—It read as follows:—
"Married lass wendsday by Rev. elder Mak-hay Mr. jon hingham to Mis olive judez awl of this Place."

Enough, said I, for one morning, and debauched from my corner, leaving Grumblegumption to conclude his harangue against poems, tales, and newspaper essays, at his leisure.

From the Portsmouth Journal.

Extract from "Recollections of a day in infancy at the expiration of half a century."

The mode of taking Tea, A. D. 1775.

Grandfather, Father and Uncle had gone to fight the Reg'lers at Lexington, and after an anxious day our women-folks began to think of refreshing themselves with the infusion of that forbidden plant, which like sundry other good things spoken against and abhorred in public, nevertheless was very well approved in private. A pot of pure water was accordingly set over the kitchen fire and the company repaired to my mother's bed-chamber—the doors being carefully closed, a deep drawer was partially slid open from under a small pine table, made by an ingenious cabinet-maker who understood very well the purpose for which it was intended: this drawer contained all the necessary articles and ingredients for Tea-drinking. From this repository the tea-pot was replenished with the exhilarating herb—an herb which my good mother believed indispensably necessary to insure her in the continuance of the excellent health which she had always enjoyed. The hot water was next brought up stairs (in a pitcher) and as often as the tea-cups were emptied they were placed in the drawer, and when any one was heard coming up stairs the drawer was slid open back under the table.

This mysterious and silent ceremony being ended, the children were called up, and our aged and venerable grandmother rose and made an appropriate prayer, not omitting to pray for our Gracious Sovereign King, &c. after which the good ladies found themselves wonderfully refreshed to encourage their husbands and brothers to fight manfully against the Regulators.

HUGGING.

How different our beaux have grown,
In fact they're perfect churls;
Such shameful coldness now is shown,
They never hug the girls.
But females have devised a plan,
In lieu of these cold elves;
They now (O shame upon you man)
With consens hug themselves.

ADDISON.

Conscious of his talents as a writer, he acknowledged his deficiency in conversation. "I can draw a bill (said he) for a thousand pounds, although I have not a guinea in my pocket."

SANTEUIL.

A fair lady, to whom the poet Santeuil owed a sum of money, met him one day, and asked him, why he did not visit her as formerly? "It is," said she, "because you are in my debt!" "No, madam, it is not that which prevents me; but you are yourself the cause of your not being paid." "How so," said the lady; "It is," (continued the poet,) because when I see you I forget every thing else."

As the officers were carrying an astrologer to the gallows, "you," says a spectator to him, "that could so perfectly read in the stars the destiny of others, how came you not to foresee your own?" "Three times," replied the astrologer, "I cast my nativity; and three times it informed me that I should one day be elevated above others, and see every one else at my feet."

A lady asked her husband what the difference was between exportation and transportation? "My dear," replied the good natured husband, "there is a difference, and I will endeavor to bring it as near your understanding as possible; suppose now that you were exported—I certainly should be transported."

A deacon of a county meeting, in some part of New-Hampshire, one day accosted the Minister and requested him to introduce Latin in his sermons, making complaints because he had never done so before. "Pshaw," said the Minister, "you can't understand it, and why should I speak in a language which the congregation know nothing about?" "Because," replied the Deacon with great sang froid; "we pay for the best and want to receive the best!"

"Fine growing weather this," said a Sussex farmer, the other day, to his next neighbor, accosting him as he was crossing his meadows, "fine growing weather; this rain will bring every thing out of the ground." "Heaven forbid!" said the other, "for I have just buried my wife."

The present Sir Wm. Garrow, when at the Bar, was endeavoring, by the examination of an old woman, to prove the tender of a debt before the action was brought, which would have been fatal to the plaintiff. The old lady, however, was too wary, and nothing satisfactory could be elicited from her. The present Master Jekyl, (then also at the bar,) observed this worthy war, and taking a slip of paper, wrote upon it, and handed it to Garrow, who immediately sat down laughing immoderately at the lines on the paper, which were these:—
"Garrow forbear, that tough old jade,
Will never prove a tender made—(said.)"

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss.
TAKEN, on Execution, and to be sold at Public Vendue, on FRIDAY the twenty-ninth day of July next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the store of BENJAMIN A. MOUTON, in Dixfield, in said County, all the right in equity of redemption which LUTHER I. CLOSSON has in and to a lot of land numbered four, in the town of Mexico, in said County, and is the same lot on which the said Closson now lives, and the same land which the said Closson mortgaged to Stephen Stone.

SILAS COBURN, Deputy Sheriff.
June 28, 1825. 53 Sw

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss.
TAKEN, on Execution, and to be sold at Public Vendue, on FRIDAY the twenty-ninth day of July next, at one of the clock in the afternoon, at BENJAMIN A. MOUTON's store, in Dixfield, all the right in equity of redemption which WILLIAM BRACKETT, of Peru, has in and to the lot of land on which he now lives, in said Peru; Also lot numbered three in the second range of lots, in Lunt's Grant, and the same which the said Brackett mortgaged to Silas Leonard, Jr.

SILAS COBURN, Deputy Sheriff.
June 28, 1825. 53 Sw

VARIETY OF BOOKS.

JUST received and for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE,
Saratoga, a tale of the Revolution;
The Island, or Christian and his Comrades.
By Lord Byron.

Sterndale's Stories, &c. &c.
ALSO, FOR SALE,
Life of Joseph; Life of Abel; Life of Spencer; Life of Mrs. Graham; Fanny Newell; Charlotte Temple; Brainerd's Memoirs, &c.

Like-wise, an elegant edition of
SCOTT'S FAMILY BIBLE—CHEAP.
Newcomb's Observations on the conduct of our Saviour;
The Minister's Companion, &c. &c.

ALSO,
LAWS of the last Session of the Legislature.
A good assortment of BOOKS for Schools and Social Libraries, which will be sold cheap.
Paris, June 23.

List of Letters remaining in the Post-Office, at Paris, (Me.) July 1st, 1825.

Capt. John Andrews; Chandler Cushman; William Churchhill; Peter H. Clark; Beniar Dow; Lewis Follett; Abby Gosson; Henry Hill; Mary Knight; Mary Libby; Joseph Lindsey; Simeon Norris; Samuel Paris, Esq.; Simeon Pond; Sally Pratt; Sally Rice; Martha Smith; Sally Starbard; Timothy Smith; Benjamin Stevens; Statire Whightman; Nathaniel Young.

ASA BARTON, Assistant Post-Master.

JUST PUBLISHED.

AND for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, the
AMERICAN PRONOUNCING
SPELLING BOOK;

OR
SURE GUIDE TO THE TRUE PRONUNCIATION OF THE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE;
In which is exhibited a new and perfect ALPHABET, by which the true and accurate Pronunciation of every word is shown; and which should it ever be adopted for the orthography of the language itself, by throwing out all silent or superfluous letters, will abridge the language about one sixth part; and, besides being a great saving in the expense of books and printing of every description, will require but little more than a perfect knowledge of the alphabet, to read and Pronounce the Language correctly in every particular, and to spell any word on hearing it accurately pronounced.

BY ABNER KNEELAND.
Paris, June 2.

MACHINE CARDS.

HORACE SEAVER, No. 2, Mitchell's Buildings, has just received a consignment of Machine Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Liechester, which will be warranted to give satisfaction.
Orders for any quantity executed at short notice.
Portland, Feb. 15.—(If 34

JUST RECEIVED.

AND for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE,
Lectures on the Doctrine of UNIVERSAL BE-NEVOLENCE. By Abner Kneeland.
The New Testament, translated from the Greek of GRIESENACHT. By Abner Kneeland.
Also—Minutes of a discussion on the question, Is the punishment of the wicked eternal? or is it only a temporal punishment in this world for their good, and to be succeeded by eternal happiness after death? Between Rev. A. Kneeland and Rev. W. L. McCalla.

Ballou's Treatise on Atonement. Ballou's Review. Rely's Union. Several Sermons, delivered by different preachers of the denomination called Universalists—&c. &c.
Paris, June 9.

METHODIST HYMN BOOKS.

JUST RECEIVED and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, HYMN BOOKS, used by the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.

THE OBSERVER.

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